LIFE OF THOMAS H. CARTHEW

JOS. KIRSOP

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THOMAS H. CARTHEW,

Missionary to East Africa.

BY

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LIFE OF THOMAS H. CARTHEW.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

"I . . . fear the Lord from my youth."—1 KINGS xviii. 12.

"What though you have no broad, green lands,
No coffers filled with gold,
You've health and strength, and honest hands,
Containing wealth untold."

THOMAS HENRY CARTHEW was born at Bodmonland, in Cornwall, on 22nd May, 1856. His father was a miner. For the first ten years of his life Thomas Henry resided in his native county with his father and mother. Cornish mining has long been in a depressed condition. Tourists visiting the country are struck by seeing everywhere, from Callington to Camborne and beyond it,

"Grim, ungainly, gaunt, and ominous"

chimneys rising up in all manner of spots, with

ruinous buildings around them, the ghosts of former prosperity and population. Here and there are villages with many houses tenantless, which were once the abode of godly miners and their families. In many cases, no doubt, mines were abandoned because the ore was exhausted and the scene of industry was only shifted; but, in many others, the ore was abundant, and the mine was given up because it could no longer be worked to advantage Many signs indicate that so far as mining is concerned "the former days" in Cornwall "were better than these."

There is a constant drain on the mining population. An annual exodus takes place. In the past, California, Australia, South America, and the United States have received large contingents of Cornish miners. To-day the Transvaal is the favourite refuge. When I think of some who, under constraint of want of employment, left their first habitation for the land of the stranger,—their earnest work, their devoted lives, their powerful prayers,—I cannot but feel regret for the sad necessity that exists for their self-expatriation. Still, the matter has another side. "We are sending forth missionaries," said a thoughtful man, when the subject of these emigrations was under consideration at a Christian Convention, and it is pleasing to know that the devotion of some is hardy enough to bear transplantation to a less genial soil.

At present, Cornish miners, when shifting their

quarters, do not generally think of going in quest of employment to the coal-fields of Great Britain. Usually they go farther afield. In the past, however, many journeyed on going towards the North. Amongst these was Thomas Henry's father, who about 1866 removed to Ayrshire in Scotland. I do not know in what town or village he resided, but it can scarcely be said he settled in Scotland, for he removed again in about a year. He found employment in a coal mine in the county of Durham. He resided at Low Moorsley, Hetton-le-Hole, lying between Sunderland and Hartlepool. This village seems to have been the residence of Thomas Henry till he went to Shebbear College in 1876. His only brother, John, resides there now.

His education was very limited. Had he, like Hugh Miller, written a book on "My Schools and Schoolmasters," it need not have been a ponderous volume. He was much indebted to the Sunday School,—if not for the rudiments of education,—yet for mental pabulum and stimulus. When, at an early age, his spiritual nature was quickened, an intellectual thirst was excited. He became resolute in his endeavours after self-improvement. These efforts were not relaxed when he entered upon circuit work, and although he never became a scholar, yet to a great degree he remedied the defects of his early education.

Though his parents could not give him a liberal education, they gave him the unspeakable advantage

of a good example. At the reception service, when he was publicly accredited as a Free Methodist minister in full connexion, he bore honourable testimony to the Christian character of his parents, and the godly training they had given him. The brief record in the *Magazine* for 1887 says that his conversion took place when he was twelve years of age.

Thomas Henry attended the Wesleyan Chapel and Sunday School at Low Moorsley. It was while he was in connection with the Wesleyans that he was led to decision for Christ. Soon after his conversion the Bible Christians opened up a number of stations in the North of England. One reason for this step, no doubt, was the fact that they were constantly losing members in the counties which formed their strongholds in the south-west of England, by their migration to places farther north. One group of such stations was called Durham Mission, and a chapel connected with it was opened at Hetton-le-Hole. The movement, though not abortive, was not marked with such success as had followed the zealous endeavours of that worthy denomination in Devon, Cornwall, and the South of England.

Mr. Carthew, senior, had been identified with the Bible Christians in Cornwall, and he threw in his lot with them when they came to his new neighbourhood. His son wished to do the same, and, with his father's approval, he did so

At what age Thomas Henry was put to work,

I do not know; but certainly at a very early age. "When quite a boy," he told a friend. He followed the family occupation. I believe he never followed any other occupation until he left home to study for the Bible Christian ministry. Of this I had singular evidence on the day I made his acquaintance. In 1883, I was one of the Governors of the Theological Institute, Manchester. On 6th September of that year I was proceeding to attend a meeting for the examination of candidates. Entering a tram or bus for the purpose, I found myself seated beside a well-dressed, handsome, substantially-built young man who, from his clerical habiliments and appearance, I mistook for a curate. A casual circumstance opened a conversation between us, and I at once perceived that he was a pleasant, open-hearted, agreeable young man. As a curate may be all that, I was not at once undeceived. But presently he asked, "Am I right for Victoria Park?" and I soon elicited that it was Crescent Range he sought. Knowing, as I did, that our Institute buildings formed the whole of that range, I at once asked myself who can this be? I could not divine. I told him, however, that he was quite right, that I also was going to Crescent Range, and gave him my name, which he seemed to recognise. He replied, "I have to be examined to-day; my name is Carthew." Mr. H. T. Mawson was President that year, and conducted the examination. He asked each of the brethren what had been his previous vocation?

Mr. Carthew had been away from secular occupations for seven years, but understanding the question, what had he done prior to that? he replied he had studied practical geology as a coal miner! Hence I conclude that mining had been his employment until he went to Shebbear College.

Soon after his conversion Thomas Henry manifested a desire to be useful in the Church and the world.

"From the time he was converted," says his pious mother, "he tried to live as close to Christ as he knew how, and always felt a desire to go and work in the Master's vineyard." Methodist churches are not usually slow to discern desires for usefulness. Thomas Henry was recognised as a consistent and zealous young man, and about the age of eighteen he became a local preacher. In this capacity he must have been acceptable and more, for in not more than two years he was cordially recommended by the Durham Mission as a fit and proper person to be engaged in the itinerant ministry of the Bible Christian denomination.

Up to this time I believe he resided with his parents at Low Moorsley, but they afterwards removed to Barrow-in-Furness. Nine years ago they, with their family, emigrated to America. On 19th August, 1893, the father of Thomas Henry Carthew entered into rest. He lived and died a poor man, but he was rich! The removal of his father and mother from England seems to have been a grief to the subject of

this biography. We shall find that, when asked to come home on furlough from the scene of his missionary labours, he absolutely, resolutely declined. Several things induced him to do this, but in one of his letters to a friend he says, in reference to his resolve to remain in Africa, "I have no home in England now."

After passing the usual examination, he was admitted as a ministerial student to the College of the Bible Christians in Shebbear, North Devon.

Mr. Carthew stayed there one year. A short period of training for ministerial work, no doubt, but the ordinary period of residence in that school of the prophets is one year. It is clear that a thorough training cannot be given in so short a term, nor can it be done in two years, the ordinary duration of the college course amongst the Free Methodists. And yet the benefit of one year's training to a candidate may be invaluable in his future ministry. It teaches him mental discipline. It puts him on the right track; it is his own fault if he does not go forward. As a matter of fact, the Bible Christian body has many ministers of great ability and intelligence; and if they owe their position mainly to their own intellectual vigour, I think they would not disdain to acknowledge that they are deeply indebted for the brief training they received at Shebbear.

Mr. Thomas Ruddle, B.A., who has long been Headmaster at Shebbear, recollects Mr. Carthew, though his memories of him are not so vivid as in

the case of many other young men. At this, I do not wonder. Mr. Carthew would not shine in comparison with other students who belonged to a higher social class, and had received a more liberal education. I am glad, however, that Mr. Ruddle can say that "he was trusted and respected by all for his straightforward and manly conduct, his freedom from all duplicity and meanness, and his quiet, consistent, Christian character." In these words we have a description of the man as he remained through life, save that the epithet "quiet" did not afterwards belong to him. Yet I have no doubt Mr. Ruddle is right in his use of it. It was natural under the circumstances that the "exuberant vitality" which was one of his characteristics, should not be much in evidence during his year at college. A "pit laddie" sent straight from the coal mine to a school of the prophets, would not all at once be at home with his surroundings. But it is pleasing to find that the frank straightforwardness, so manifest in his later years, was seen in his early days; and that his Christian devotedness secured the esteem and confidence of his new associates.

In after years Mr. Carthew expressed his great indebtedness to Mr. J. O. Coomb, who was a friend of his youth, and who greatly helped him in preparing for his examinations. He believed that it was owing to his assistance that he passed the ordeal when his qualifications for the Itinerant Ministry were put to the test. Mr. Coomb's remembrances of

Mr. Carthew are keen and vivid. He had the highest regard for him. "Carthew," he says, "was as true as sunlight, and as conscientious as any man I have ever known," a high eulogium, but not unwarranted.

CHAPTER II.

Early Ministry.

"In the morning sow thy seed."—Eccles. xi. 6.

"Though lonely here our lot may be,
High work have we to do."—W. Gaskell.

HE "Bible Christians" are a body, Methodist in doctrines and usages, which had its origin in North Devon, in the autumn of 1815. Its founder was Mr. William Bry, a zealous local preacher amongst the Wesleyans, who had felt an inexpressible call to devote his whole time to the work of calling sinners to repentance. His labours were eminently blessed, and he was held in high and deserved respect by the body which he had founded. Having asserted, however, autocratic claims in the government of the Connexion, his brethren did not think it right to submit, and eventually he left the body which he, under God, had originated. Entitled to even higher respect was Rev. James Thorne, who was "a wise master builder," or might even be called the second founder of the denomination. He died, at a good old age, so recently as 1872.

Commencing its course in North Devon, the new community made great progress in Devon and Cornwall, and became a power for good in the South of England and in South Wales.

To last Bible Christian Conference there were reported from home and abroad 295 itinerant ministers, 1937 local preachers, 33,684 members, with 620 on trial. As 3581 members had been admitted during the year, it is clear that the Bible Christians are what the Americans call a "live" Church. Unfortunately, as with other Methodist denominations, there is a great leakage every year.

These particulars may not be unwelcome to the readers of this brief biography, and are germane to the memoir of our departed friend, who served three years on probation as an itinerant minister of the body.

His first appointment was as junior minister to Newport, Isle of Wight. At the present day there are three Bible Christian Circuits in that fair island — the garden of England — with eight ministers in active service, and three supernumeraries. In 1877, the year of Mr. Carthew's appointment, his superintendent, Rev. W. B. Lark, resided at Newport; the second preacher resided in Ryde, while Mr. Carthew's home was at East Cowes. Although he remained only a year in the circuit, he is well-remembered by all classes, especially in the country parts of it. His superintendent has pleasant memories of him, and in a note to the writer, speaks

of him in the highest terms. "He was a most devoted minister, and a most brotherly colleague. I had a deep regard for him, and heartily regretted his severance from us. I sympathise with you as a Church in the loss you have sustained in his removal from your ranks."

Mr. Carthew's home in East Cowes was with Mr. Spencer, a good man, whose "bow still abides in strength," and who had a high regard for Mr. Carthew. When news of Mr. Carthew's death arrived in Cowes, Mrs. Spencer was on her death-bed, and when her husband told her the tidings, she recalled how often he had sat down at the harmonium and sang to his own accompaniment,

"When my final farewell to the world I have said,"

with its touching refrain :—

"Will any one there at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

She soon followed him into the spirit-land.

Mr. Carthew was regarded as a sound and earnest Gospel preacher. He was fond of the country work. Walking was no toil to him. To places six miles distant he allowed himself an hour to walk. An office-bearer in our Church at Cowes—Mr. Willsteed—was then connected with the Bible Christians, and resided at Chale—a village in the Newport and Ryde Circuit. About once a-month, Mr. Carthew visited Chale to conduct the week-night service. On such occasions he always slept at the farm-house of Mr. and Mrs.

Niblett, in whose employment Mr. Willsteed was at the time. He was the first Nonconformist minister this hospitable couple ever entertained, but he so endeared himself to them that their house has ever since been a minister's home. Mr. Carthew's visits were always expected with pleasure. Both in the pulpit and at the fireside he was a great favourite. One reason of his popularity was his familiar intercourse with the people. When staying at the farm it was his delight to assist in farm work. He would drive the cows, feed the pigs, hold the plough, or dig in the garden. There indeed he was an expert. Do not suppose that this familiarity bred contempt! His intercourse with the people gave him opportunities for uttering his Master's message, while his interest in their employments commended the messenger to their minds. These self-imposed labours afforded him healthful exercise, and unintentionally prepared him for that foreign missionary work in which for many years, yet, alas, too few, he was honourably engaged.

Another friend, Captain Matthews, informs me that he was a very attractive preacher, and that the chapel at East Cowes was always crowded when he was expected to preach. At their first interview this friend, observing certain marks on his hands, said: "Ah, my young friend, have you been playing with gunpowder, or have you worked amongst coal?" Mr. Carthew replied that he had been a collier, and seemed to think men would disparage him if they generally knew of his former humble vocation. Mr. Matthews

said no sensible person would do so, and at once put the young minister at his ease. Afterward he gave his friend many reminiscences of his pit life.

His next appointment was to Mevagissey in Cornwall. This was near the home of his childhood. His parents resided for many years at Tywardheath Highway, a village between Lostwithiel and St. Blazey. For several years the famous Billy Bray, "the king's son," resided here, and attended the same Bible Christian chapel as the Carthews. It was from this village that he set out on his memorable ride to Balder when he heard of Mr. Haslem's conversion, which with his subsequent interview with the clerical convert, is related with so much zest and humour by "Billy's" biographer, Rev. F. W. Bourne.

Mevagissey is a populous village on the sea-shore. There are commodious and well-attended sanctuaries in it, and from an early period of its history the Bible Christian body had a station here. It is now the head of a circuit, with two itinerant ministers, twenty local preachers, ten chapels, and 450 members.

Mr. Carthew displayed the same qualities in Cornwall which he had done in the Isle of Wight. He is still remembered by the senior members who bear witness to the acceptance with which his labours met amongst a people accustomed to a faithful, fervent, Gospel ministry. He was also a welcome and frequent visitor to the homes of the people, who prized his genial companionship and sunny disposition.

Leaving Mevagissey after labouring there a year,

his next appointment was to Chesterfield, the town of the crooked steeple. The mission to which he was appointed had its headquarters in Brampton, which though not included in the borough, was then and for many years later, a separate though contiguous township. This mission had been opened several years before, through the removal of a number of Bible Christian miners from the county of Cornwall. These numbered about fifty families. This would seem a good start for a new mission, but the mission was not hopeful from the first. The acknowledged head of the movement was wanting in judgment, and it had to be abandoned. Mr. Carthew was the last B.C. minister at Chesterfield, and it was his last circuit in connection with that body. Henceforth his name has to be associated with Free Methodism. He may have had some previous acquaintance with our people, but, if so, his knowledge of them was increased during his year in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield. Rev. Chas. Evans was superintendent minister of our Chesterfield Circuit at the time, and he informs me that our people sympathised with him in his hopeless struggle. "My impression is," he writes, "that the little cause died a natural death, and that our late brother was planned there as a last effort at resuscitation." This representation does not differ essentially from the account I have received from high authorities in the Bible Christian body. Mr. Evans also thinks that he recommended him to apply for admission into the Free Methodist ministry, no doubt after he ceased

his connection with the Bible Christian body. I am not able to give documentary evidence that he offered himself for our Connexional ministry at this time, and he certainly was not received till three years later. Rev. Arthur Hands was corresponding secretary in 1880, and he thinks he must have done so. "He must have offered himself for our ministry," Mr. Hands writes, "as that was the only medium through which I became acquainted with him. I believe he had severed his connection with the Bible Christians when he became a candidate for our ministry, but I cannot say under what circumstances he left the Bible Christian Connexion, unless it was that through a conversation with one of our ministers on the polity and general arrangements of our Connexion he preferred our denomination to his own. This I know that everything was straightforward and honourable on his part. I remember, also, that the testimonials which came to hand as to his Christian character, his preaching ability, his devotion to his work, his unselfishness and Christian manliness, were of the highest order. Then, he was willing to take work either at home or abroad. The testimonials strongly impressed me with the man's suitability for our ministry, and that was the reason I recommended him to our Oxford friends."

Oxford Free Methodist Circuit at that time wanted a second minister as colleague to Rev. David Brook, a gentleman who has since that date won high academical distinction, and who became one of

Mr. Carthew's dearest and most trusted friends. There were certain financial obligations consequent upon having an additional minister which induced the circuit to look for a brother who had not Connexional status. Mr. G. G. Banbury, J.P., was circuit steward at the time, and he asked Rev. A. Hands if he could recommend one. He recommended Mr. Carthew, as we have just learned. Mr. Banbury intimates that Mr. Hands had visited Chesterfield at the end of November, and had seen Mr. Carthew there. The engagement was soon made. Being asked by Mr. Banbury when he could come, he replied, "At once." The day and hour of his arrival were notified. The circuit steward had to meet him on the platform at Oxford, the preacher engaging to wave a white handkerchief as a signal, as he got out of the train. The hour came, and with it the man. The train stopped, the man descended, the handkerchief was waved and the meeting took place; the preacher got a circuit and the circuit got a preacher—one whose life and labours are still spoken of with hallowed and grateful feelings, and form the subject of many interesting reminiscences.

CHAPTER III.

WOODSTOCK.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—PSALM c. 2.

"They cannot want who wish not to have more,
Who ever said an anchoret was poor?"—DRYDEN.

R. CARTHEW'S work in the Oxford Circuit lay chiefly in the country parts of it. Hence his home was fixed at Woodstock, eight miles north-west of the University City. He was soon at home among his new friends. Indeed he was never anything else. Like a second Cæsar, "he came, saw, and conquered," only it was the affections of the people which he won.

An esteemed correspondent, Mr. Brotherton, sends such a graphic account of his first service at Woodstock, that I can only transcribe it. "His first sermon was preached at Woodstock to a small but critical and respectable congregation. He had only arrived the day before; so very few had seen him, and probably most of the congregation were expecting the new minister to be diffident and deferential. Mr. Carthew, full of vitality, bubbling over with

earnestness, and full of his message, had forgotten such a feeling as diffidence, and utterly oblivious to the strangeness of his surroundings, delivered his sermon in his own way. Half-way through his discourse, he sang a song from Sankey's collection, a practice most of us had never dreamt of. Certainly it roused us all, and was the first indication that an ardent and fearless worker had come amongst us. At the conclusion of the service the proper way out of the pulpit was down a short flight of stairs and through the vestry, but he wanted to speak to all, and especially to those nearest the door, before they could leave; so he threw his long legs over the pulpit rail and sprang down amongst the amused worshippers, beaming upon them with eyes full of kindly interest, and captivating them with his unconventional heartiness. One result of that service was that we had a way opened out for friendly ministers to come straight out into the congregation without scaling the rails, and there it remaineth unto this day. As I think of those early days I realise that the strong points of his ministry amongst us were the same as those present in that first service—viz., an entire absence of self-consciousness, a fearless honesty, and a very tender sympathy for the poor and humble."

It was not only in Woodstock that Mr. Carthew became amazingly popular. In every place where he ministered, it was just the same. Mrs. M. Osborne, of Kidlington, writes: "He was a most earnest

preacher and temperance worker. He preached with great power, and congregations thronged to hear him. He was loved and respected by all." Mr. Dews of Heyford testifies: "His generous disposition, and his free and easy manners, soon made him a general favourite with all he came into contact with. He was really beloved by the people. There was quite a revival during his ministry. Some of the converts brought in at that time have gone forth themselves to proclaim that Gospel which did so much for them." Mr. Jones of Kirtlington bears like testimony, and says he remembers telling Mr. Carthew, who had been preaching from Luke xix., that "that was the sort of preaching that would benefit the congregation." He adds, "And it did." Mr. Busby of Coombe speaks of the first service he conducted there. "His text was 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones,' &c. The congregation was delighted, and from then until he left us, he was very popular and highly respected."

The grounds of his popularity are not far to seek. A young man, comely, vivacious, not troubled with bashfulness or reserve—

> "A man of cheerful yesterdays
> And confident to-morrows,"

had in his very temperament and disposition a key that would unlock many hearts.

It was clear, too, that he was in downright earnest. His preaching was not formal or perfunctory. His heart was in his work, and, as Longfellow tells us—

"It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain."

Then, his preaching was of the right order. He preached the Gospel, which, let men say what they will, is after all the most attractive theme.

His pastoral habits also greatly contributed to his popularity and success. He called his own sheep by name. He did not reach the village just in time to take his place in the pulpit, and then leave it the moment that the benediction was uttered. He did not make himself a stranger to his flock; and his fearless, frank open-heartedness was a great recommendation.

Another of his social attractions was his love for children and the young. Lavater taught that we should suspect the man that does not love bread, music, or the laugh of a child. Mr. Carthew could have stood the test. He could be content with homely fare and partake of humble meals with relish. He was musical, being able both to sing and play; and when in the society of children the laughter would often be loud and long. Falstaff said that he was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in others. Carthew could laugh with children and make them laugh. "He was quite a favourite with children and young people," says one of my informants. "He was a joyous, boisterous companion in the house," writes another. "My children, now young men and maidens, have lively recollections of the glorious romps they had with him; generally a struggle to

get his spectacles off, and then a race round the garden. Alas, he has not fulfilled one never-forgotten promise he made in my house when he bade us good-bye. 'A monkey and a palm tree' he promised my eager boy; and, though strenuous toil and anxious care made him forget the lightly-spoken word, it has never been forgotten by the boy, though added years have revealed the impracticability of it."

The great mutual affection between him and the young was turned to holy uses. Quoting Mr. Banbury again: "He soon gathered around him a number of young people who accompanied him to his open-air services, singing round the town, and gathering numbers into the chapel. Soon after he came he formed a class of young men, and very soon took four or five to the Quarterly Meeting at Oxford, and at once proposed them to come on the plan, and most of them are now acceptable local preachers."

I may say here, however, that he was as attentive to the aged as to the young. The same correspondent tells me that all the old members were ardently attached to him, and one of our oldest members, who died very recently, exclaimed before she passed away: "Oh, if I could see Mr. Carthew! that dear man with his arms stretched out over the pulpit, I could die happy. But I shall see him again." To be remembered thus on a Christian's death-bed is surely something better than Greek or Roman fame.

In Oxfordshire, as in the Isle of Wight, Mr. Carthew took deep interest in the people's pursuits, and this

was a passport to their heart of hearts. He was always willing, too, to render a little help. One instance of this readiness may be given. He had formed a class of young people at Coombe, two and a-half miles from Woodstock. It met once a-week, and he would go out early and spend the day amongst the flock. One day, during the hay harvest, he found most of his class out in the hay-field. The day looked threatening, and all had gone to help one of the members to get in his hay. As soon as they saw him coming they clapped their hands and shouted. Those on the cart stood up to join in the greeting, when the hay all turned over and the cart had to be loaded again. As nothing more untoward had occurred, the accident led to shouts of merriment. When this subsided Mr. Carthew threw off his coat, hung it on a tree, and, snatching up a fork, went to work with a will, and did not leave off till all the hay was safely carried.

He was as generous with his purse as with his labour. This, indeed, was a life-long characteristic. In an unfinished letter to Dr. David Brook, found after his death, he says: "You ask whether or not I am making any investments, or in any way making provision for old age. Thank God, I am not! I cannot save a penny, and could not even if my salary were doubled. My sole investments have been made in the homes of the poor and needy; and if giving to the poor is really lending to the Lord, He ought not to forget me in old age." The practical sympathy

which he had with the poor and needy was manifested in Woodstock, as afterwards in Africa. In his pastoral visitations he often met with cases of poverty which appealed to his compassion ; and to his power, yea, and beyond his power he was willing to relieve them. One who knew him well in Woodstock declares that out of his modest salary he contrived to save the larger portion for the alleviation of the hard lot of his poorer friends in the villages. These he willingly and gladly helped to his last shilling.

If any one censures this as a want of prudence or forethought, I hope it will be done very mildly. I admire his beautiful unselfishness, but dare not set him up as a pattern which every one should imitate. Yet when we know that he saved all he could that he might give all he could, his noble spirit touches our heart, and we can only trust that he realised to the full the truth of the Master's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At Coombe as in other villages of the circuit a gracious revival took place. Mr. Busby gives an account of it. After relating how Mr. Carthew and a few friends sang round the village previous to service in the chapel, and the novelty of the proceeding brought a large congregation, he proceeds : "We decided to hold meetings for prayer several week-evenings ; and, in the meantime, to announce that evangelistic services would be held for a fortnight, to be conducted by Rev. Thomas Henry Carthew. The result was that a glorious revival followed. A great

many, both old and young, came out seeking the Lord. The chapel was not large enough to hold the people that crowded it at every service. We found that, if we would retain them, we must enlarge the chapel. A church meeting was called and we decided that it should be done, all promising to do their best. Mr. Carthew led the way and, owing to his strong faith, untiring energy, and persistent begging, upwards of £100 was raised, which paid for the enlargement of the chapel. We enjoy the benefit of it to-day."

I do not know that Mr. Carthew met with many "moving accidents by flood or field" while in the Oxford Circuit, but one day he went to Kirtlington, a village four or five miles distant from Woodstock. While there a dreadful snow-storm occurred, blocking up the trains and making the roads in many places impassable. Mr. Carthew set out on his homeward way, but when he got about half way the snow was two or three yards deep, and he could not get on. He found, after search, a lone cottage under a hill, and startled the inmates by knocking at the door. On explaining who he was, and why he was there, he was kindly welcomed, and urged to stay all night—temporary arrangements being made for his repose. He gladly accepted the proffered shelter, and his untimely nocturnal visit was the commencement of a friendship which lasted till he left the circuit. On such a terrible night his journey might have ended otherwise, but a kind Providence watched o'er him, and "All 's well that ends well."

I have mentioned that Mr. Carthew's early education was very defective, and that he eagerly sought self-improvement. He had made considerable advances since his boyhood, and his year at Shebbear had been a stimulus as well as a help. All who have seen his letters since he entered our ministry know that he wrote a beautiful hand. It is a pleasure to read his letters; his caligraphy being so regular, clear and legible. He acquired also a mastery of English, and it is something to know our own language well. But he wanted to do more than this. Meeting with a congenial companion they attempted to master the Latin language together. Mr. Carthew used to study with his friend at the house of the latter, when the toils of the day were over. Many blunders were made, and many a laugh was had over them. But Cicero was the goal of their ambition! One night, however, a discussion arose on the pronunciation of their hero's name. The friend had called him Sissero, but Mr. Carthew said it should be pronounced Kikero. The lady of the house looked at the clock. It was 11 P.M., so she interposed: "Yes," she said, "and it is time you left off. If you don't, why, I must study the works of *Kickero!*" As the proposed study was presumably not linguistic, Mr. Carthew's hearty laugh rang as he prepared to take the forceful hint. No doubt the study was resumed, but the heights of Kickero were never reached.

Much as the circuit prized the ministrations of Mr. Carthew, his friends thought it due to him that

they should try to get him into the Itinerancy. In 1881 and 1882 he was recommended as a suitable candidate, but each year the offer of service was declined. In 1883 the recommendation was renewed, and this time it secured its object, largely owing, I believe, to the urgent efforts and earnest recommendation of his superintendent, Rev. Silas Walmsley, who succeeded Rev. David Brook in the Oxford Circuit. Mr. Walmsley had a high appreciation of his warm-hearted and affectionate colleague. In a communication with which he favoured me, he yields no grudging or half-hearted tribute to the excellences of his departed friend: "I found in him," he says, "a most willing, courteous, and considerate colleague. The poor found in him a true friend, and many lives were brightened through his instrumentality. He was a most welcome visitor to the homes of the poor. I have known him again and again represent some case of poverty and sickness to the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough and to members of the Churchill family, and they have placed sums of money in his hands for distribution amongst the poor of the villages surrounding the Blenheim estate. I have visited many homes of the poor with him, and it was pleasing to see the respect and affection these villagers had for him. When he left the circuit to enter upon foreign work, every church in his section of the circuit manifested their love to him by presenting him with a parting gift."

All hearts seemed open to him in his first Free

Methodist sphere. Not only were our own members his attached friends. Persons of rank and station connected with the Church of England acknowledged the value of his services. Even the ungodly recognised him as a man of God.

Mr. Carthew in Oxford Circuit was "the right man in the right place." He did good, honest work in the after time—he laboured zealously for years under a tropical sun in the malarious climates of Sierra Leone and Eastern Africa ; but he never moved in a more congenial sphere, never secured more confidence and co-operation, never did better work than in the Woodstock section of the Oxford Circuit. Mr. Banbury, the circuit steward, who secured him for the circuit, says : "It will be a long time before his memory and influence will be lost in the circuit," and this testimony is true.

CHAPTER IV.

SIERRA LEONE.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness."—PSALM xc. 6.

"Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air."—ADDISON.

R. CARTHEW'S first appointment as a minister of the United Methodist Free Churches was to Sierra Leone. His offering himself for foreign service was not a sudden impulse. He and Mr. Walmsley—who had spent four years in West Africa—often discussed mission life and work together as they walked across Blenheim Park and along the Oxfordshire lanes. When the opportunity came, he readily said, "Here am I, send me."

In 1883, when Mr. Carthew was appointed, the only English representative of the body in the colony was Rev. Thomas Truscott, who had been doing excellent work there for two years. As Superintendent of the Mission he had urgently pleaded for the appointment of another minister from England. "I am quite willing to do my best," he wrote, "but

I cannot do impossibilities. The Mission is suffering as well as myself, for the want of assistance." The Home authorities were not unmindful of his needs, and had taken steps to secure a colleague for him.

Ere this appointment could be definitely made, a difficulty had to be overcome. What this was, shall be stated in the words of Mr. W. T. Robinson, brother-in-law of Rev. Dr. Brook, to whom he paid a visit while he laboured in Oxford. "I went about the circuit with Mr. Carthew, heard him preach in the village chapels, and was at once struck with the man. I thought I saw a grand and useful career before him. He would sometimes strike up a hymn as we entered a village, and sing through every part of it, inviting the people to come and hear him preach. He was one of the most powerful Gospel preachers I ever heard. At this time we in the Leeds West Circuit wanted a young preacher. I brought Mr. Carthew's name before our people, and they invited him to come and spend a few days in the circuit. He preached in all our chapels, and visited amongst our people, who were simply delighted with him. The result was that we wrote to the Connexional Committee saying that if he was received we would invite him to become our minister. That was done, and Mr. Carthew was put down for our circuit. At this juncture Mr. Truscott was invalided home from West Africa, and the Missionary Committee asked for a volunteer to take his place. Mr. Carthew was all on fire with enthusiasm for the Mission field. He

was just the man for the work, strong in body, heroic, dauntless, full of faith and courage, which nothing could damp. He at once offered to go if the Leeds friends would give him up. It was a great trial of our loyalty, as he was already very popular and much beloved, but we released him."

It was really intended that Mr. Carthew should be Mr. Truscott's colleague, but ere he could be sent to Sierra Leone Mr. Truscott arrived in England, his health having utterly broken down, and to save his life he had left Sierra Leone.

Mr. Carthew arrived at Freetown early in October, 1883. The two native ministers, Messrs. Coker and Leigh, with a party of friends, were waiting to give him welcome. "They had provided a sedan chair," wrote Mr. Carthew to his friends in Coombe, "which was standing near the landing-stage to convey the new arrival to the mission-house. This token of their kindness I fully appreciated and respectfully acknowledged, but I preferred the healthy exercise of walking, and so travelled on foot to the mission premises. From the wharf to the end of my journey the people followed in crowds, laughing and shouting. It was a delightful relief when I found myself within my future home." He was as yet unaccustomed to the exuberance of the African's joy.

He was more gratified when on the following Sunday morning he preached in Samaria Chapel to 650 people, and marked their earnest attention and hearty singing. He was unable to preach the second

Sunday, as already he was seized with climatic fever, and lay prostrate in bed suffering great pain. On his recovery he at once commenced his arduous work as acting Superintendent of the West African Mission. He examined all the class books of the Freetown Societies, to ascertain the attendance and the payments of the two thousand four hundred members registered, which he felt a somewhat ponderous task. He set off on 8th March, 1884, on a tour of inspection amongst the societies on the western coast. They hoped to reach York, a distance of sixteen miles, by eventide. They reached it at 3.30 A.M. the following day. Mr. James (a newly appointed minister) and he preached to large congregations, and on the following night held a missionary meeting. Everything seemed bright with promise. The next morning they left for Bananas Island, calling at Kent on their way and there inspecting a neat little sanctuary almost ready for opening. At Bananas they had a hearty welcome, and visited another edifice nearly completed, capable of containing 400 worshippers. They also visited the unique village of Rickets on the same island, and were delighted with all they saw and heard, believing that all the elements of success were there. Then they sailed to Sennehoo and Paitafoo, two stations that had been recently opened in the Mendi country. At Sennehoo he first came into contact with slavery, though it presented itself in its least repulsive form. The widow of the former chief of Sennehoo, besides slaves who worked on her farms, had twenty female

slaves who might be called her ladies-in-waiting. Mr. Carthew asked to be allowed to shake them by the hand. Yoko consented, and they soon presented themselves. Their presence made a strange and indescribable impression on his mind. In approaching and retiring they bowed themselves almost to the ground. Had an angel stood before them they could not have shown greater reverence. "This was the first time," he wrote, "that the hand of a slave had been in mine, but a warmer, truer, and firmer grip I never gave to hands in my life." When he reached Paitafoo he was delighted to hear the children of our day-school singing in good style, "There's a cry from Macedonia, come and help us." Their return journey was pleasant, and they reached Freetown in safety, feeling that in the Mendi country God had set before us an open door.

On this journey, Mr. Carthew and his party narrowly escaped a watery grave. When nearing York, on the day they set out, they had to pass a rock called the Carpenter, not far from the harbour. They expected a little difficulty, but the boat proved to be badly manned and the captain incompetent. The men could not sit to their oars, and every moment the waves threatened to engulf them. Mr. Carthew's cook was with him, an experienced sailor, who in the exigency took command, and they were saved. The incident is still remembered, and its sequel was told to Rev. W. Vivian, who refers to it thus:—"There was unbounded joy and thanksgiving when the story

of their narrow escape was told, but when, during one of the services, Carthew told the story to the congregation, called his black boatman-rescuer to the front, acknowledged that he owed his life to his presence of mind, and presented the astonished man with a sovereign, as a small token of his gratitude, there was a lump in many a 'daddy's' throat, and it was more than the 'mammies' could do to restrain their tears."

Mr. Carthew never regretted his appointment to Sierra Leone. He spoke gratefully of the kindness of the members and the gifts they showered upon him. But for a time he felt a kind of isolation. He missed the delightful social life of the Oxford Circuit, and he sighed for more intellectual companionship than his surroundings afforded him. The appointment of an English colleague in the year following his arrival was therefore hailed with joy, and not on personal grounds only. Rev. W. Micklethwaite, who had already twice served in West Africa, consented to return to his old sphere, and Rev. Thos. Truscott, who had recovered his health, was designated for the Galla Mission, which was being established in East Africa on the Tana river. A circuit which Mr. Micklethwaite had engaged to serve declined to release him, and under the altered circumstances, Mr. Truscott returned to Sierra Leone, which he reached on 9th November, 1884. The two men laboured in perfect harmony. Each to the other was a brother beloved. They were very different in physique.

HILL AT NGAO, NEAR GOLBANTI.

Mr. Carthew was a giant in strength. Mr. Truscott's strength lay only in his moral convictions and unquenchable zeal. In love for souls and missionary enthusiasm, they were twin-spirits. Mr. Carthew was capable of the most ardent and disinterested friendship, and there was something interesting and pathetic in the manifestations of his friendship for his colleague. "In times of physical weakness," Rev. John Truscott testifies, "he worked for him as a strong man would spend and be spent for his delicate brother; in times of sickness he would sit in his bedroom, and wait on him with all the patience of a trained nurse, and when convalescence was reached, no thought or expense was spared to bring back the lost strength."

His physical strength made his colleague an efficient substitute for Mr. Truscott in a work that was not congenial to either of them. One of two boys brought from the Mendi country and trained at the mission-house was an intractable creature. The two missionaries had sometimes read "the rod and reproof bring wisdom." Mr. Truscott could furnish the latter, but he handled the first so gently that the little incorrigible only laughed at his correction. Once, however, he came under the hands of "the little mastah," Mr. Carthew, who demonstrated to the urchin's (mental) satisfaction that he did not hate the child! He retained a lively recollection of his chastisement. If, afterwards, he was threatened with being brought before the "big mastah," the threat passed as "the idle wind which he regarded not," but

if the threat was to report his misdoings to the "little mastah," he at once succumbed. With all his geniality, he could be a terror to evil-doers!

On Mr. Truscott's return, he resumed his superintendency, and Mr. Carthew took the second place. In all Mission movements thenceforth naturally Mr. Truscott appears more prominent than his colleague, who rendered him not only due subjection but active and efficient help. A new chapel was needed in lieu of the old "Tabernacle" which had become so ruinous that they were afraid of its stones and timbers coming clattering down on the heads of the worshippers. The Colony was in a deplorable condition. Tribal wars had sadly interfered with commerce, a terrible fire at Freetown had reduced many of our members to beggary. To ensure future safety, the Government insisted that all buildings should be covered with iron instead of bamboo. This precautionary measure sorely taxed the means of those who had anything left after the fire. To help in the cost of erecting the new chapel, Mr. Truscott paid a visit to the United States, leaving Mr. Carthew in charge of the Mission. This he did with great confidence, writing home to England: "He is indeed an excellent brother, and is prepared to make any sacrifice for the good of the Mission." The chapel was duly erected, but not till after Mr. Carthew had returned to England was it opened for Divine service. Murraytown day-school was enlarged, and so was the principal schoolroom at Freetown. "Our hands are always full of work,"

wrote Mr. Truscott. The joint-ministry was quite an era of chapel building activity. The top stone of these efforts was the erection of a new chapel for the old Samaria, the principal building of the Mission, a design for which Mr. Carthew projected much, and Mr. Truscott did a great deal, but which was not completed till one had entered on another sphere of labour, and the other had entered on his eternal reward.

Soon after Mr. Truscott's return from the United States the two brethren set off together on a visit to the Bompeh or Mendi country. Mr. Truscott described it as a very tedious and trying journey. "The morning we started from Freetown, in an open boat, the rain poured upon us in torrents, and the thunder rolled most terrifically for some hours. We had not gone many miles before we were soaked through and through with the rain, and I am sorry to say, that when the rain ceased our troubles were not all over. In going up the river Bompeh we had to face a great many discomforts. Exposed to the burning rays of the sun by day, and the heavy dews by night, almost eaten alive by sand flies and mosquitoes, deafened by the roars of the alligators, and the piercing shrieks and howlings of other animals, nauseated by the horrible stench of the swamps, without proper food and water, you may be certain that ours was not a very enviable condition." It certainly was not, but they did not murmur, and when they reached the mud hut, allotted for their

residence, it seemed to them almost a royal palace. The two brethren found the work in a hopeful condition. Many natives regularly attended the preaching of the Word, and one after another was being led into the light of salvation. The first man and woman in that heathen land who had been married by the Christian rite were found kneeling side by side at the Lord's Table; the day-school children assembled every morning at six o'clock to sing the praises of God, and all that seemed wanting was more men and means to carry on the good work. Alas that this fair morn should be overcast! A few months later, a terrible disaster overtook the infant stations of Sennehoo and Paitafoo. A predatory tribe called Yonnies, the Masai of West Africa, invaded the country scattering death and destruction. Three or four of our members were killed, including the mother and aunt of a young man who had been sent from the colony to study for the ministry in the Theological Institute. Horrid cruelties were practised, shocking mutilations inflicted, and the town of Sennehoo plundered and burned.

Early in 1887 Mr. Truscott thought that Mr. Carthew should visit England on furlough. The new policy of Missionary Societies in relation to such climates as Sierra Leone is to give their missionaries short terms of residence, but allowing them to return after a recuperating visit to their native shores. This policy, I believe, is true economy both as regards finance and human life. There *seemed* no pressing

reason for Mr. Carthew's return. Mr. Truscott wrote: "He is a perfect wonder to everybody. But well as he looks, I feel it is high time for him to have a change, otherwise I fear his long stay here will seriously tell upon his constitution in after years." At that time Mr. Carthew was amenable to such considerations. Besides, Mr. Truscott and he had another, if subsidiary, object in view. Samaria Chapel could not be rebuilt without the help of English money. Were Mr. Carthew on the spot, he could plead its cause. The Committee did not disapprove of Mr. Carthew's temporary return, and it was determined upon.

In Sierra Leone Mr. Carthew had satisfactory proof that he did not labour in vain. Ere he had been long in the colony he wrote to the Missionary Secretary: "I am happy to tell you that since my arrival here I have had unmistakable tokens of the Divine favour, and often tears of joy and gratitude have wetted my pillow." To his friends at Coombe he wrote that he had seen the sigh of sorrow, the tear of penitence, and had heard the cry for mercy and the rejoicings of sinners saved through the blood of the Lamb. "My work is hard," he wrote, "I am happy in it, my spirits are bright, my courage brave, my faith strong, my hope firm, my heart good, my prospects hopeful, my expectations great." Such a man could not fail to do good.

Rev. Wm. Vivian, his successor in the Mission, in an interesting communication to the *Free Methodist*,

speaks of the affection felt for him in the colony, and contributes some characteristic incidents. Once in Samaria Chapel, on a Sunday-school anniversary, some of the supports of the platform on which the scholars sat gave way. Confusion ensued, in the midst of which Carthew took off his Sunday coat, crept on hands and knees under the platform and was soon at work on the repairs. Others came to his help, and when the danger was over, he put on his coat and commenced the service.

On another occasion four men were struggling to get a box up the front stairs of the mission-house. They made out very poorly, whereupon Carthew "with a 'Here, leave it to me,' brushed the four aside, lifted the box lightly on his own shoulder, and walked easily away with it, leaving the noble four as astounded as were the Philistines when Samson walked off with the gates of Gaza. The invariable comment on this and other stories of the kind was, 'De man '*trong* (strong) fo' true.'"

Mr. Vivian tells us how the Africans loved to characterise Carthew as a *man*, and he rightly says this is a just and characteristic description. "He was asked," says Dr. Brook, "to go to Sierra Leone, and he went. He would have gone into the mouth of hell if he had thought his King required it. He nobly did his duty." What higher word could be spoken?

CHAPTER V.

On Furlough.

"The wise and their works are in the hand of God."—Eccles. ix. i.

"Life has been well compared to a tale that is told; but I further liken it to a 'serial work.' The volumes are all written and in possession of the great Author, but we receive them only in parts."—Anon.

N the spring of 1887, the household of Rev. Silas Walmsley were startled by a singular proceeding at their door. A gentleman arrived, without knocking he opened the door, stepped across the threshold and commenced singing in a loud but musical voice—

"Here we suffer grief and pain."

Mr. Walmsley had not heard of his old colleague's arrival in England, but he and his family recognised Mr. Carthew's voice, and rushed to greet him. The afternoon will long live in their recollection. It was spent in joyous recollections of their Oxford life, and in discussing the prospects of the Connexion at home

and abroad, and in question and answer as to the state of matters in Sierra Leone.

Mr. Carthew had an interview with the Foreign Missionary Committee at its summer session. The record of proceedings on 7th June, states that "he reported that through the energy and tact of Mr. Truscott six chapels in Sierra Leone were now settled on the Connexional Deed, and the settlement of some others was in progress. He suggested that special efforts should be put forth to promote higher education in connection with the Mission." The settlement of the chapels spoken of had a direct bearing on the spiritual work. Re-edifying and improvement were absolutely necessary. Help for this purpose could not be rendered from the Mission funds if the buildings could be alienated from the Body. To secure them by a proper settlement ensured a future otherwise unattainable. The higher education spoken of still remains a desideratum.

Shortly after this interview he visited Sheffield to see the General Missionary Secretary, Rev. John Adcock. After this visit he was conducted to the house of Mr. Geo. Ibberson, who may be properly called "the missionaries' friend." He had been very anxious to make his acquaintance. On the previous Christmas day he had written thanking Mr. Ibberson for a present he had sent him, and said, "Mr. Truscott has told me so much about your very many kindnesses to him and other missionaries, and of your unbounded enthusiasm in the missionary enterprise,

that I feel quite an interest in anticipating a better acquaintance with you and your excellent family." Mr. Ibberson saw him shortly after his arrival in England, and invited him to stay at his house whenever he had occasion to visit Sheffield. Hence he made for it after he had seen the Missionary Secretary. It proved, however, that "the good-man of the house" was in London, so his young lady conductor said, "Well, Mr. Carthew, you must return to our house." "Nay," said he, "Mr. Ibberson said I was to make his house my home, and I am not going anywhere else in Sheffield." Nor did he. He was at once welcomed. "Ever after," Mr. Ibberson writes to me, "we have been most intimate friends, and my family was so drawn to him by his manly and Christian deportment in the house that they loved him the more they saw of him, and we all felt when the sad news of his death reached us that we had lost a dear friend."

The Annual Assembly of 1887 was held at Louth, in Lincolnshire. It commenced its sittings in Eastgate Chapel on Tuesday, 12th July. Mr. Carthew had been duly appointed to represent Sierra Leone, and he duly fulfilled the functions of a representative. It was the only Assembly he ever attended. It was not likely that a novice in Assembly procedure should take much part in its debates, but at a public meeting held on the evening of the first day of session, he was so stirred by a speech on "Connexional Enthusiasm," from Robert Bird, Esq., J.P., that he took the unusual

course of rising in the meeting and proposing that it should be published. His motion was carried. The speech was a very faithful and earnest deliverance, and was worthy of a wider audience than any chapel walls could contain.

At this Assembly he was received into full Connexion. His whole probation of four years had been served abroad. It was now ten years since he had been sent to a circuit by the Bible Christian Conference, so he had a somewhat long novitiate. Only three ministers were received that year, two besides Mr. Carthew, and one of these two was Rev. Wm. Vivian, who succeeded him in Sierra Leone, and did yeoman service there.

It has been already said that Mr. Carthew intended to make appeals in England on behalf of the Samaria Chapel Building Fund. Mr. Truscott pitched his expectation as to results tolerably high. He hoped that Mr. Carthew would bring back £1000.

To aid the scheme Mr. Carthew opened a West African Exhibition in a room near Eastgate Chapel. He had collected a great variety of articles, wild beasts' skins, warriors' dresses and weapons, household utensils, and curiosities of many kinds. The collection was large and of great interest, but I fear the exhibition did not contribute greatly to the erection of Samaria Chapel. It was soon dispersed in different directions, as Mr. Carthew's purposes were soon and suddenly changed.

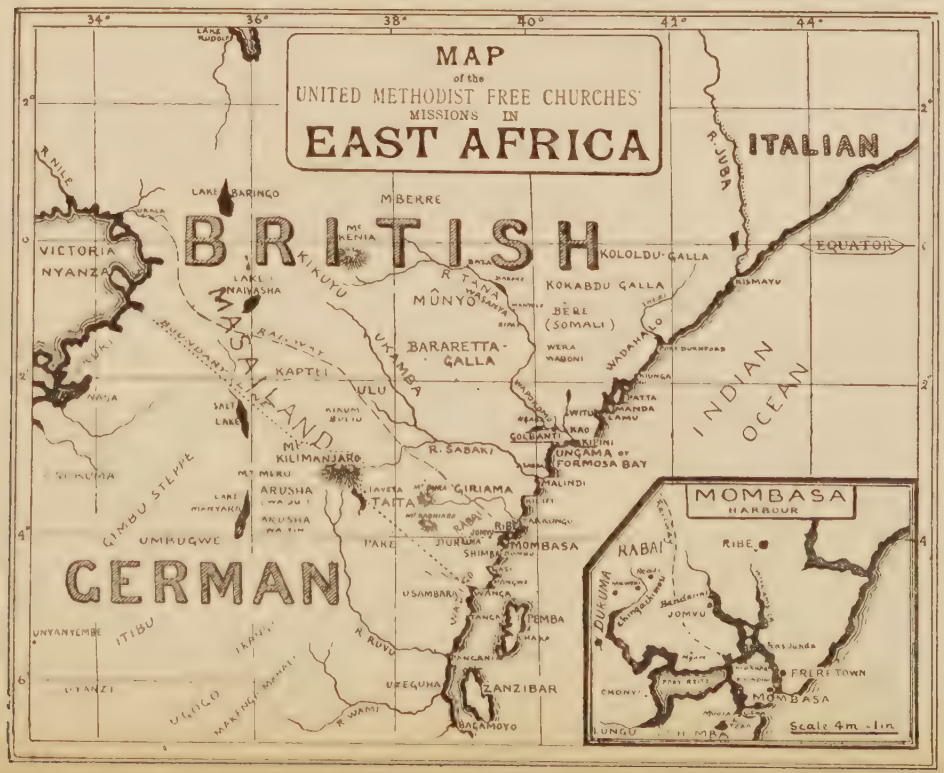
At the close of his Exhibition one of Mr. Carthew's

feats of physical strength astonished the beholders. He wished to get down some articles which were fastened a good height from the floor. The step-ladder in the room was not long enough to reach them, and a man went to procure a longer ladder that lay in the yard. It was too heavy for him, so another came to his help. It was rather much for them both, so Mr. Carthew came to their relief. Lifting the ladder on to his shoulder, and asking no help from anybody, he carried it to where it was wanted, and used it in the most matter-of-fact way. Dr. Watts sang:—

> "The rush of numerous years brings down
> The most gigantic strength of man."

Mr. Carthew had a giant's strength. Alas! that it should be laid low ere his years could be called "numerous"!

Another preparatory effort was the composition of a lecture entitled "Sierra Leone, past, present, and future." The lecture was written in full, and was intended for delivery in the towns of England. I believe it never was delivered, though there was what might be called a private rehearsal in the house of Mr. Ibberson. Some friends had been invited to meet him; and to them and the household he read the lecture aloud, pausing occasionally and saying, "This is where the applause comes in." At the close he presented the MS. to Mr. Ibberson. By that time it had been determined that he should not return to Sierra Leone. The paper has since been read to the


MAP
of the
UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES'
MISSIONS IN
EAST AFRICA
BRITISH
GERMAN
ITALIAN
INDIAN OCEAN
EQUATOR
LAKE RUDOLF
LAKE BARINGO
MBERRE
MT KENIA
VICTORIA NYANZA
LAKE NAIVASHA
KIKUYU
MASAILAND
KAPTEI
ULU
SALT LAKE
MT KILIMANJARO
MT MERU
ARUSHA
LAKE MANYARA
GIRIAMA
TAITA
GIRAMA
MOMBASA
RABAI
DUKUMA
RIBE
JOMVU
FRERE TOWN
KISMAYU
KOLOLDU-GALLA
KOKABDU GALLA
BERE (SOMALI)
BARARETTA-GALLA
WADAHALO
MALINDI
KILIFI
TANGA
PEMBA
ZANZIBAR
BAGAMOYO
R. SABAKI
R. TANA
R. JUBA
R. NILE
R. RUVU
R. WAMI
UNGUJA
MOMBASA HARBOUR
Scale 4m. - 1in.

students at our Theological Institute, and at several gatherings of young men in Sheffield, so that "love's labours"—in its preparation—have not been altogether "lost."

How was it that Mr. Carthew did not return to Sierra Leone? The exigencies of the East African Mission demanded that a minister of some experience in African work should go at once to take charge of it. The veteran Thos. Wakefield, after long and faithful service, had returned to England. There was not a European missionary on the ground. Under all the circumstances it seemed best that Mr. Carthew should go. Being asked, he felt it his duty to comply. As was natural, the tidings were received in Sierra Leone with something like consternation. To Mr. Truscott, especially, the action of the Committee was a great blow. "I assure you the removal of Mr. Carthew is a very serious matter, both for me and the people. I had fully expected him to bring us back at least £1000 to assist us in rebuilding Samaria. Now our hopes are completely blasted." His disappointment was very natural, and was fully anticipated by the Committee. The Missionary Secretary urged the Societies in England to bear in mind the great loss sustained by our West African Mission, and *that* in the day of their severe commercial reverses, and to manifest their sympathy with them by generous special contributions towards the chapel building project. At a great missionary demonstration, held during the Annual Assembly, three of the

speakers were Rev. Thos. Wakefield, who had just returned from East Africa, Rev. T. H. Carthew, who was about to succeed him there, and Rev. William Vivian, who was about to succeed *him* in Sierra Leone. "They were listened to with intense interest and sympathy, and were heartily cheered."

Mr. Carthew's furlough was cut short by the necessity for an early departure to his new sphere. He left London on 27th August, 1887. He did not reach Mombasa till 29th October. In a lengthy communication, which seems intended for one or more Sunday schools, Mr. Carthew gives an account of his voyage. He says: "I was exactly two months and two days in passage. This was an unusually long passage, and I must explain the cause of it. The s.s. *Kungra* was not in time to meet the company's connective steamer at Aden — where passengers tranship for the East Coast of Africa, and I was compelled to remain there until the next monthly steamer came from Bombay in India. From the day of my arrival in Aden to the day of my departure, was exactly twenty-eight days. There was nothing in my passage out, of a particularly interesting character. The most interesting of all was the passage through the Red Sea. The Red Sea is considered by passengers the *one black spot* of the whole voyage. The heat is intense, and many are unable to endure the ordeal. Sometimes when the little breeze there may be blowing, is blowing in the direction of the vessel's course, the captain is

obliged to turn the ship around and steam contrary to his course, to meet the breeze and give the passengers a breath of air. Notwithstanding all caution and care to avoid disaster, many people die and are buried in the Red Sea. Now you will wonder why I say the passage to me was interesting. My mind was carried back to Old Testament times and I imagined myself a spectator of proud Pharaoh pursuing Moses and the Children of Israel to the Red Sea! I imagined a passage through the sea, and people walking at the bottom, followed by Pharaoh with his horses and chariots plunging and drowning in the waters. It is marvellous the effect which locality gives the places and scenes, previously only read of and imagined at a distance. I had hoped to have seen Mount Sinai, and felt disappointed when the captain told me it was not visible.

"Aden is the first port after passing the Red Sea, and as I was detained there a month, you will expect to hear something about the place and people. It is the dullest, dustiest, dirtiest place, I ever saw or ever expect to see. The people are principally Arabs, this may account for the dirt. The place is a coaling station for vessels going to almost every place in the world; this may account for the dust. Society for a European there is positively none; hence the place is dull. But here, as in the passage of the Red Sea, one was constantly reminded of Scripture scenes, and supplied with illustrations of them."

At length the tedious month of waiting came to an

end, and Mr. Carthew embarked in the s.s. *Oriental*, on his ten days' voyage to Mombasa. He had hoped to visit Lamu, the only calling-place on the way, and the port of destination for Golbanti. The vessel anchored outside the harbour, and he could not gratify his desire. He was joined here by a coloured minister. From Lamu to Mombasa is only a day's run, and when they arrived on a Saturday afternoon, they found the mission boat *Spotland* was there with rowers to take them to Jomvu. Mr. Carthew relates how this boat came into the possession of the Mission. "The scholars, teachers, and friends of Spotland Sunday school, Rochdale, collected and subscribed a fund for the purchase of the boat, and presented it to the East Africa Mission. If it were not Sunday when this letter will probably be read, I should ask you to give three cheers for Spotland Road Sunday school." He suggests that instead of this they should present to the Mission some other useful thing.

The letter concludes by relating their arrival at Jomvu. "We left the s.s. *Oriental* about seven o'clock and rowed away under moonlight up the Barareta River to Jomvu. The distance from Mombasa is seven miles, and, though we had to pull against the stream, we made the distance in a little over two hours, arriving at Jomvu at a quarter past nine. At this late hour no one on the station expected us, and consequently no one was on the wharf to meet us, but before we reached the mission-house, which is only a

few hundred yards from the riverside, news of our arrival had spread amongst the people, and in less than ten minutes we were surrounded by a hundred persons singing a hearty welcome in songs of praise. As soon as I stepped into the mission-house I ejaculated, 'Thank God, destination reached at last; here we are at Jomvu!' In a few minutes the house was crowded with natives, Christian, Mohammedan, and heathen, all alike eager to look upon the new arrivals. I suggested to the coloured minister that it would be fitting, right, and helpful, to sing a hymn, read the Scriptures, and offer prayer to God in acknowledgment of His mercies to us during our voyage. This little service I shall not soon forget."

CHAPTER VI.

East Africa.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—Isaiah vi. 8.

"Thought fled from me
To the African land, by the Zingian sea."—Lady Burton.

HEN Mr. Carthew arrived in East Africa, near the close of 1887, there was, as we have intimated, no European missionary either in the Mombasa district or on the Tana River at Golbanti. He commenced his labours the morning after his arrival at Jomvu. He preached by the aid of an interpreter. The elders of the native village paid him a complimentary visit, engaging to come in a more ceremonious manner the following day. Mr. Carthew knew that this meant what the Arabs call *Baksheesh*, but he promised them a welcome. They came on the Monday, signalling their approach by the discharge of fire-arms. There were bowmen, spearmen, musketeers; and all were dancers. Mr. Carthew did not admire a form of welcome which required nerve to endure it. On the

following day he visited Ribe, the primal station of the Mission, and he thought it a charming spot. His object in visiting it was to induct a coloured minister who accompanied him. After an early service the morning after his arrival, which was attended by two hundred people, he stood with uncovered head at the graves of former workers who had fallen asleep in Jesus. "What strange emotions," he wrote, "passed through my mind during the few moments I stood looking at those graves! It was well to look but not to linger. I came away a sadder but I believe a stronger and a better man." A week later he visited Duruma, a preaching station which, like Ribe, is a three hours' journey from Jomvu. The good people were overjoyed to see him. No English missionary having visited them since Mr. Wakefield left, they were afraid the Mission had been given up. His next visit was to a station called Duruma No. 2. He thought this place a hopeful one. In fact on every side he saw ample scope for missionary labour. More men and more money were wanted to take up the ground. He asked for help with characteristic frankness—and I may add bluntness—saying: "When you send a man out see that you get hold of the right one. I would rather wait six months for a good fellow, than have immediately a namby-pamby brother. Send a man loaded with that uncommon quality common-sense." He often wrote like this in the after-time.

So anxious was he for the appointment of additional

missionaries that he said he was "willing to play second fiddle" if a man of longer standing could be sent. This was not voluntary humility, but neither, perhaps, was it self-knowledge.

He completed his round of visits of inspection by going to Golbanti early in 1888, accompanied by the brother whom he intended to leave in charge. This mission had in effect to be re-established. It had been shattered by the Masai when they killed the missionary, Rev. John Houghton, and his wife, and no services had been held since that catastrophe. The people on the spot he judged to be very intractable, and subsequent experience has verified his estimate. "They are simply material," he wrote, "out of which, we trust, the Almighty will be able to make Christians. If I could write it reverently I would say, even He will find this an unusually difficult task."

While, all around, Mr. Carthew found need and opportunity for spiritual work, he saw a need for other kinds of labour. There was room for the architect, builder, lime-burner, road maker, carpenter, and joiner, as well as for the Gospel husbandman. At Ribe there were dilapidations; the house at Jomvu had no roof, and the temporary cover was neither safe nor suitable; a stone mission-house was required at Duruma, and at Golbanti the number of "wants" might have served to fill an advertising column in a newspaper. In addition to the tooth of time, white ants and Masai raiders had been at work. But we need not go further into detail.

In his letters to friends at this time he shows a deep interest in what was going on at home in the Connexion, especially on missionary matters, and gives his own views very frankly on men and things. He describes his own condition, which he felt somewhat solitary and cheerless. To Dr. Brook he wrote telling him of a severe attack of fever. "In the midst of it," he said, "I felt very lonely and at times sad. I felt very much the want of a colleague. A helpmeet of either sex would have been more than welcome." The last remark gives me an opportunity of saying that Mr. Carthew never married. In one of his letters he said: "You know if I am unmarried, it is not my fault." This would indicate that he took steps in the direction of matrimony, and it is said that he had fixed his affections on a lady, who could not bring herself to the point of going to Africa. Be this as it may, he resembled the "pale primroses which die unmarried."

Mr. Carthew, immediately on his arrival in Africa, set himself sedulously to study the language of the coast, Kiswahili. "It is not nice," he wrote to Mr. Ibberson, "to be moving about the place like a deaf and dumb man, unable to speak to any one or to hear anything of what the people are saying." His difficulty in learning it was increased by the removal of his teacher to Golbanti, but by diligence and determination he carried out a purpose on which he had set his heart—viz., to preach in this tongue within six months after his arrival.

In the summer of 1888, Mr. Carthew had a severe attack of fever from which he with difficulty recovered. It was caused by an unhappy oversight on the part of his servant boy, who placed his master's night-pillows in the sun and forgot to bring them in till they were soaked with dew. Ignorant of this, Mr. Carthew slept on them with the result that "it half-killed him." He must have been ill when he lost a week in his time-reckoning. On 29th August, he wrote in great weakness from Shimba, one of the stations of the C.M.S., lying among a range of hills celebrated for the purity of the breezes which sweep over them. He had gone for change to Mombasa for three weeks and been benefited, but was still so prostrate that Rev. Mr. Price, the acting chief of the C.M.S. staff, kindly invited him to Shimba for a fortnight. He derived much advantage from his visit, and was soon able to write in his usual buoyant strain.

Writing on 19th October, 1888, to Mr. Ibberson from Mombasa, he says:—"During the past three weeks I have been superintending the packing of lime and other material for building purposes, and a jolly hard time of it I have had! I have sent off the last load this morning. To-morrow I shall pack up my traps and get off to Jomvu, where I shall again be over head and heels in work. I see before me years of hard work such as navvies at home are accustomed to: I mean heavy lumbering labours, felling trees, raising stone, building native houses, &c., &c. I want to improve the appearance of our mission stations. I

should like them to become silent witnesses of the good we wish to effect among the people. Don't imagine that, in saying this, I am overlooking that far greater and nobler work of ministering to the souls of the people. Christianity, in my view of it, deals with the whole man, body, soul and spirit." There is always a danger of neglecting the spiritual aspect of Christian missions when the social view is strongly felt, but amongst heathen, uncivilised people this peril must be encountered. It cannot be avoided." Very true also as to the spiritual results of missions are some other words of Mr. Carthew addressed to the same correspondent. "Mission work is exceeding slow. To get old ideas out of people's heads and put new ones in is a process of great difficulty, and when you get ideas in their heads you have to wait a long time with patience before they take root and spring up."

In 1888, there was fighting along the coast, between the natives and the Germans, "who," Mr. Carthew said, "had been running their race a little too fast." This caused excitement in Mombasa and neighbourhood. The whole town and district became unsettled, but the danger passed away.

Ever since his arrival in Africa, Mr. Carthew had pressed for the appointment of additional missionaries, and in midsummer he was gratified to learn of the appointment of Rev. W. G. Howe. He judged that his location would be in the Mombasa district, and while he declared he would welcome him with

MISSION HOUSE, JOMVU.

delight, he asked, "Who is the man for Golbanti? Golbanti! Golbanti!" He thought it imperative that an English missionary should be settled there. Equally to his surprise and joy, it was for Golbanti that Mr. Howe was designated. He sailed for Lamu on 20th September, 1888, and in due time settled at Golbanti. Mr. Carthew wrote to his friend, Dr. Brook, "I wish it were possible for him to remain with me in this district. I am sadly in want of a helper." He intimated that East Africa had so changed his appearance that when he neared the mail to greet him, Mr. Howe would not venture to speak, as he did not recognise him. "What it is going to do for me," he adds, "I do not know; hitherto it is cruel as death." But he saw how missions suffered from constant change of their agents, so he held his ground. Then he felt sadly hindered by the incompetence of the men he was obliged to employ. Not to speak of moral failures—of which there were sad instances—the educational attainments of the native agents were quite below par. It could not have been otherwise. Their advantages had been of the most limited kind. Yet they had to do the work of schoolmasters. He might well desire a helper who could assist in training teachers and the culture of the young. Hence his urgent requests.

To show the practical nature of our religion, Mr. Carthew used a very apt method. Writing to the Missionary Secretary on 10th April, 1889, he gave an

example of his mode. "We were going through the Commandments one by one, according to usage, in our Sunday afternoon service, when, at number viii., I commented thus, the people following:—'Thou shalt not steal—cocoanuts; thou shalt not steal—bananas; thou shalt not steal—mangoes; thou shalt not steal—fowls,' &c., &c. The congregation at first hesitated to follow me; it was a new commandment to them. The majority of people woke up to the fact, for the first time in their lives, that the commandment had really something to do with their daily life and conduct. From that time to the present it has been my one aim to guide the people into the *practice* of the Christian religion." This was surely a manifestation of aptness to teach.

Mr. Carthew was far more hopeful in reference to the children than of the adults. In spiritual work and conception of the spiritual life they were far in advance of their parents. In turning to them he entered at once into a freer atmosphere, and breathed a freer and kindlier air. The young people were interested in the work of the Mission, and in the improvement of their own social, moral, and spiritual life. Many could read fluently, some intelligently, and a few could write fairly well. He mourned that they had no means of improving their physical surroundings, and were compelled to live in the midst of unhealthy, unseemly, improper conditions of life. He sorrowed with a bitterness he could not describe that so little could be done to nourish, strengthen and

guide the young people in their desires for a better all-round life. Down to the close of his ministry and life, Mr. Carthew's heart clung to the children, who loved him in return.

His correspondence in the summer of 1889 speaks of great and exhausting labours in felling trees, house-building, and sinking a well, resulting in another attack of fever; his dissatisfaction with some coloured brethren in the pay of the Mission, for which as it afterwards proved, there was just cause; the intended emigration of his mother and sisters, to join his father who had already, to Mr. Carthew's great regret, removed to the United States; and the loss of the mission-boat *Spotland*, which was stolen one Sunday during Divine service. He had also to refer to a great dearth, consequent on the want of rain. To the Missionary Secretary he wrote: "Many of our people are without food, and the prospect of the coming harvest is very unpromising. Unless we have rain within a few days everything on the people's farms will be scorched up by the sun. Already the rice has been destroyed; what we shall do in case the Mahindi fails, I cannot say. What can I do? I cannot think of the children of the Mission crying for food as long as I have any to give them."

The rain-maker appeared upon the scene. It is a favourite device amongst all idolaters, to lay the blame of public calamities on the missionaries who have interfered with ancient customs or stopped the worship of the ancient gods. The device was

adopted here. At Ribe the heathen Wanika paraded the country, with the rain-maker at their head, trying to discover the evil person who, by his charms, commanded the clouds to rain no rain. They ran about like drunken madmen, shouting, gesticulating, dancing in all directions as their leader guided them, till at length he led them up the hill on which the mission premises stood, as the spot whence the fatal spells issued. It was difficult to dislodge the cruel suspicion from their minds. Perhaps the efforts made for the relief of the prevailing distress would be more cogent than all argumentation. A famine fund, to which Mr. Carthew liberally contributed, was opened at home, and proved very helpful. The loss of the *Spotland* was also repaired. A costly new boat, christened the *J. L. Thompson*, built by this gentleman and his sons, arrived for mission use. This handsome boat, with sails and oars complete, was generously presented to the Mission by its builders.

His correspondence shows what difficulties he had to encounter, and what disappointments he had to endure through the slight regard paid by the natives to the marriage tie. Its binding nature hardly seemed to be understood. It was treated as a matter of local and temporary convenience. When husbands were away, new ties were readily formed. This made him regard the caravan system, by which men engaged as porters were taken from home, as a curse to the country. Incidents of an unhappy kind, Mr. Carthew said, were not by any means

infrequent in the country, they might be said to occur daily. As some of the lapses which grieved him occurred in the case of persons who had been admitted to membership, it is no wonder that a cloud occasionally came over the sunny spirit of our departed friend. In one of his letters to Dr. Brook, written during the famine, he writes very gloomily. Free Methodists were painfully slow in their movements, and conservative in their enthusiasm. Then how hampered he was in finance! Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society could relieve such distress as abounded, and be certain that they would be recouped. He dared not do it—and so on. Impulsive men like Mr. Carthew have often to take counsel of second thoughts. In the same letter he says, that he has just read articles by Revs. J. S. Withington and M. Miller. These gentlemen, he said, were better able to judge what had been done than he was, and they showed that the churches had done nobly after all.

CHAPTER VII.

Slavery in East Africa.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen . . . to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?"—Isaiah lviii. 6.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery thou art a bitter draught."—Sterne.

N the preceding chapter some of the difficulties which Mr. Carthew encountered have been pointed out. I reserved for consideration in a separate chapter his dealings with the difficult question of slavery. This matter troubled him during the whole of his ministry in East Africa, and the question was not settled at the time of his death.

When the Sultan of Zanzibar—by the influence of Sir Bartle Frere and by virtue of a treaty negotiated with him, abolished the slave-trade in his dominions—domestic slavery remained untouched. When the Imperial British East African Company began to administer affairs within the boundaries specified in their charter, the *status quo* in relation to slavery

had to be recognised. On the mission stations of the Church Missionary Society, as well as our own, there were many fugitive slaves. If their masters claimed them, the missionaries were called upon to give them up. Prior to the advent of the I.B.E.A. the missionaries encountered the difficulty, but it became more acute under a stricter rule. If a fugitive was sought in the earlier time, in Mr. Wakefield's language, the missionary "passed him on." A night's shelter and a little food might enable the runaway to elude pursuit. I do not see how, if our duty is to "undo the heavy burdens," he could possibly do less. The suzerainty of the Sultan of Zanzibar may have been readily recognised throughout his titular dominions, but I judge that only in the island which was the seat of his government, and a very limited area beside, could his rule be rigidly enforced.

Distant from Zanzibar, the tribal chief was more powerful than his titular lord. When, however, a government which made itself felt throughout its dominions was established, matters were changed. What must be done about the slaves harboured on the mission stations? Some masters might allow their claim to drop and never seek after their slaves; but if others did, must the Company send their askaris, take forcible possession of the poor creatures, and hand them over to their so-called owners? Mr. Mackenzie, the first administrator, did not, I think, wish to engage in such an undignified or unworthy

proceeding. At all events, he went another way to work. What he did was discussed at our Annual Assembly of 1889.

Mr. Mackenzie, it was stated, had freed about 1400 slaves, at a ransom of £4000, to allay the irritation on the part of the slave-owners against the missionaries who had given refuge to the runaway slaves. Of the latter, about 400 had taken refuge on our own mission stations, and had been freed by Mr. Mackenzie. From 800 to 1000 had been freed who had taken refuge at the Church Missionary stations. Toward the £4000 required to recoup the Company, the Government had promised £800, the Church Missionary Society £1200, and Mr. Mackenzie asked for £400 from our own Society. The Missionary Committee proposed to pay £200 towards the cost of their ransom. Rev. J. Adcock stated that this would be regarded purely as a gift, and hoped that, as a matter of policy, the Assembly would give its consent. Rev. T. Wakefield supported the recommendation, and would have been glad if it had been possible to pay the entire amount. The Connexional Treasurer, Mr. R. Bird, felt compelled to object to the resolution. The payment of this money would be a recognition of the right to trade in human flesh and blood. Rev. M. T. Myers said that it was only when this trading company appeared on the ground that we heard any word of danger to our stations through harbouring runaway slaves. Ultimately, it was resolved that the matter should be finally decided

at a joint-meeting of the Missionary and Connexional Committees.

It must be borne in mind that the Missionary Societies had never been consulted as to purchasing the redemption of the slaves, and hence had never made themselves responsible for the outlay. Then, however humane a thing it may be to emancipate a bondman, the income of Missionary Societies is not raised for that specific object.

It must not be supposed that all the runaway slaves on our stations had been set free. Two papers were circulated, one a deed of freedom, the other, far more widely diffused, was simply a paper of permit allowing the bearer to remain on a specified mission station till claimed by his owner, when the paper and further protection would be withdrawn. The latter state of these permittees was almost worse than the first, for the paper virtually pledged the Chartered Company to surrender them should they be claimed, and, if needful, aid in their capture. It had previously been a case of catch-who-catch-can, but here an organised and powerful Company in effect passed a Fugitive Slave Bill, and determined to carry it out. Their subsequent proceedings showed that thus they understood their duty.

Still, as far as the emancipation went, it was a great boon. At a cost of twenty-five dollars for each, 181 slaves at Ribe, and 24 at Jomvu, were emancipated and presented with deeds of freedom. Mr. Carthew wrote that, while they were deeply grateful to Mr.

Mackenzie for what he had done, it would have been nobler still had he sought to put an end, once for all, to the nefarious system throughout the country over which the Company's charter extended. He believed that Mr. Mackenzie thought gradual emancipation was the right course. Mr. Carthew, I think, had for a time the same conviction. Indeed, when he first went to East Africa, he regarded "the domestic institution" there as a necessary evil. His view soon stiffened as he saw the workings of the system. Indeed, he was so intractable when the Company wanted his co-operation that there were very strained relations between them. It is quite possible that Mr. Carthew's correspondence with the local authorities was not couched in reverential terms. If he was afraid to "speak evil of dignities," he was not afraid to confront them; and the Committee, believing it desirable that our missionaries should be on good terms with "the powers that be," passed a resolution which set forth the desirability of our missionaries acting as far as possible in harmony with the representatives of the Company, and calling on them to respect its policy as to the harbouring of runaway slaves. At the session which adopted this resolution, £15 was granted to Mr. Carthew to redeem three runaway slaves connected with our Mission at Jomvu. This would be done more pleasurably than the passing of the other resolution.

On 29th April, 1890, the two Committees which had been requested by the Annual Assembly to

consider the compensation question met. The following resolutions were adopted :—

1. That as the whole action of redeeming the slaves on our mission stations was taken by the representatives of the East African Company without consulting our Missionary Committee, or the Superintendent of our Missions in East Africa, this meeting cannot acknowledge any responsibility in relation to the course pursued.

2. That while this meeting is not prepared to grant money from the ordinary income of the Mission Fund for the purpose named in the communication of the B.E.A. Co., it nevertheless sympathises with the liberation of slaves on all mission stations, and as it is especially interested in those on our own stations, resolves that a subscription list be opened immediately with a view of raising £200, this being in the judgment of this meeting its full proportion of the amount expended by the said Company.

The amount was readily raised, and devoted to the purpose intended. These concessions did not, could not, "end the war within." There can be no peace between slavery and freedom. The conflict of ages between freedom and slavery cannot be solved by compromise. On one side or other there must be unconditional submission.

Mr. Carthew had painful experience of the truth of the saying, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Slaves who had been given deeds of freedom were in danger of recapture. Take the following instance,

given in his own words: "I sent eight of the bigger girls of our school to Mombasa to purchase food, and, while in the market-place, they were taken hold of and scrutinised with a view of being claimed as slaves. Two were beaten with sticks, one had her dress nearly torn from her back, and one was claimed and taken before the Governor of the town. He sent the girl and her master to the representative of the I.B.E.A. Co., and upon inquiry it was found that, through some mistake, the girl's name was not among the list of freed slaves, although she declared that her freedom paper was with her mother at Jomvu. The representative sent off one of my men to make inquiries about the girl's paper, at the same time writing me personally about the case. I was able to send the freedom paper, and got the girl returned to the station. Now, this is a very unsatisfactory state of things, is it not? The children of mission stations cannot venture to appear in the streets of Mombasa, through fear of being ill-treated or stolen away into slavery. Personally, I feel very angry about the matter. I should like to give the Swahilis a thrashing such as they never would forget in this world or in the world to come."

What of the man-stealer? What of the scoundrel who pocketed the price of a sister's freedom, and then, with guilt equal to perjury, lays false claim to her as his slave? We hear of no punishment being meted out to him. His wicked design failed, and that was all. I do not wonder that Mr. Carthew's

blood boiled with indignation at the conduct of such wretches, and that he felt he could personally inflict the punishment they deserved.

All that Mr. Carthew did for poor slaves will never be known. We know of men who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, but we do not put Mr. Carthew in that category. There was no reserve or shrinking about him. Candour, outspokenness, was his chief characteristic. Yet he did not blazon his good deeds. Writing to Rev. W. A. Todd on 19th August, 1891, he mentions the case of six adults and three children who were claimed by an "ugly Arab," who came in search of them, armed with a letter from a sub-administrator of the I.B.E.A. As they had all worked for their freedom, and were anxiously waiting for their freedom papers, he refused to give them up. He then applied for their papers to the official in question who asked for their names, the names of their owners, when they ran away, and whence. All this information had been supplied before, for the Circumlocution office has branches in East Africa. Mr. Carthew repeated it, and sent 768 rupees, which had been demanded as the price of their redemption. This he paid out of his own salary, although he felt the pinch of it for a time. To Mr. Todd, he says, "For some months I have been living on almost nothing but native food that I might be able to redeem these people. I tell you as a friend: if you make any mention of it, you need not name me in connection with it." My eyes overflow

as I think of his self-sacrificing generosity, and all that it has cost him, and, contrary to his stipulation, I am proud to make it known. The officials who badgered him with these miserable cases, and who resented what they considered his insubordination, had probably no idea of the noble character of the man.

Perhaps the most flagrant case that occurred during Mr. Carthew's residence in East Africa was one with which he had no personal connection. On 24th November, 1893, he wrote to the Missionary Secretary, as follows:—"On the 12th of October four soldiers of I.B.E.A. Co. and a Swahili slave-owner entered Ganjoni before sunrise in search of slaves. They entered a house, laid hold of a slave woman, and common report has it, knocked her down, beat her, and took her in charge. News of their arrival and doings having reached Mazera, while he was yet in bed, a messenger was dispatched inviting the soldiers to his house. This was most contemptuously declined, in boastfully blustering that they knew no teacher and no authority other than their orders from Mombasa. Mazera, annoyed and disgusted with their attitude and conduct, insisted that, as the responsible agent of the village, he should be informed as to their message and mission in the station, and requested the men to bring the soldiers to him. Mazera, now having awaked to the situation, advanced towards the crowd, and on the way met the soldiers with the slave woman in charge, who at once complained to him of having

been beaten. He complained of their conduct in stealthily entering his township before sunrise, and declined to allow them to take away the slave until he had been advised by me in regard to the matter. It had been the practice, almost without exception, for soldiers and slave-owners to present themselves to the teacher, and show him a letter of authority or permission granted at Mombasa for the purpose. On this occasion the slave-hunters began their hunt while the villagers were asleep, without approaching the teacher in any way. Mazera resisted the intrusion and disallowed the action until advised by me. He at once dispatched a messenger asking if such conduct was to be permitted. Immediately on the arrival of Mazera's messenger, I dispatched him post-haste with a note to Mr. Jenner, asking him to give ear to the man's report of what was going on at Ganjoni. Before my messenger reached Mombasa, Mr. Jenner himself, the judicial officer appointed by the Crown of England, had left for Ganjoni with an enlarged force. On his arrival he at once laid hold of whomsoever he could without any difference or distinction, without making any inquiry or charge, without ascertaining a single fact, and gave the people in charge of the soldiers who were with him. In this way he got hold of nine men, and marched them off to Mombasa. He now laid hold of Mazera by the neck, and pushed him almost headlong. . . . He was taken into Court, tried by Mr. Pigott, and fined five rupees. Eight of the men were placed in the chain gang for five days,

MAZERA, NATIVE TEACHER.

and the ninth, as the chief transgressor, for ten days." Mr. Carthew believed the eight men to be entirely innocent. Mazera had prevented the soldiers from taking away the slave woman, and the ninth man, her brother, had hindered them in the execution of their task; but "where is the brother," he asks, "who would not do the same?"

I do not pledge myself to the literal accuracy of all the details in Mr. Carthew's narrative. He wrote not from personal knowledge, but from information supplied. But all the voluminous correspondence, with the depositions on the trial, were laid before the Missionary Committee, and the main facts of the narrative were admitted on both sides. What these were will appear from a resolution adopted on the matter:—

"That, after having heard the communications from the Rev. T. H. Carthew and from the I.B.E.A. Co., this Committee expresses its strong disapproval of the action of the Chartered Company's officials in relation to the escaped-slave case recently dealt with at Mombasa when Mazera, our native teacher, was fined, and several natives belonging to the Mission imprisoned. This Committee is of opinion that the officials acted in contravention of the rules of courtesy in prosecuting a search of the dwellings of the natives of Mazera's village without first informing the teacher and guardian of the village, and of the ordinary consideration of humanity by

instituting search with the object of recapturing an escaped slave.

"This Committee also protests most emphatically against an action so discourteous and inhuman, and requests the I.B.E.A. Co. to enter upon no such search of our mission stations without first informing the Rev. T. H. Carthew, General Superintendent at Ribe, or the teacher in charge of the station."

These resolutions were communicated to the Company. I think no fault can be found with the tenor of their reply. The Directors regretted that slaves are still recognised as property in the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. They would gladly welcome any action that would put an end to the status of slavery, but this could only be done by the protecting power, that is Great Britain. They sympathise with the Missionary Committee in the humane motives that actuated it in adopting its resolutions, but while the present law exists they failed to see how they could follow the course pointed out.

The fact is they were in a wrong position. Slavery was condemned at sea, sanctioned on shore. A few miles from Mombasa, English cruisers were watching for slave dhows. If they find any, they confiscate the vessels and liberate the slaves. A few miles from Mombasa, an English magistrate helps slave-hunters in their ignoble work, and hales to trial a humble Christian teacher who believes in letting the oppressed go free.

After this chapter was written came the cheering report that slavery has been abolished in the Sultanate of Zanzibar. If the abolition is genuine and thorough, then a hideous anomaly has been brought to a deserved end.

CHAPTER VIII.

Toiling on.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

"The chiefest action for a man of spirit
Is never to be out of action."—Webster.

THE accounts published early in 1890 gave a favourable account of the progress of the work at Jomvu. Other stations were suffering from the want of European oversight, but Jomvu was in a healthy and hopeful condition. Often at Divine service every member of the station was present, and the people delighted to hear the words of Jesus expounded. Mr. Carthew did not preach, he simply talked to the people; his style was not conversational but conversation itself. This method kept them awake, but if he saw any one nodding, he generally "named" him, and waited for a reply. Rev. W. G. Howe, of Golbanti, paid Jomvu a visit about this time, and more than confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Carthew's report. He was delighted with the attendance, with the singing, and with an experience meeting which he attended, thoroughly Methodistic in

character. He was pleased also to find that the children had a fair knowledge of the Tonic Sol-fa system. The hymns sung were chiefly translations, into good Swahili, by Rev. Thos. Wakefield. Soon after Mr. Howe's visit a native of Japan spent a day on the station. The children entertained him in the evening by singing Sankey's hymns and repeating portions of Scripture. The Jap was astonished, and exclaimed: "I have never seen or heard like this before. This is good, this is very good."

All, however, was not sunshine with Mr. Carthew. The dreaded Masai visited Mazera's station in the Duruma country, and killed eleven people—eight of whom were members of the Mission. On hearing the shocking news Mr. Carthew, with twenty men, went to assist in burying the dead and comforting the survivors. Through fear or superstition, the people would not willingly touch a corpse, and Mr. Carthew had to perform some painful offices, but we do not give the sickening details. Not a single woman or child could be found on the station, the people had fled to the bush for protection. The situation was most harassing to Mr. Carthew, who wrote saying, that for five days he had not enjoyed a single meal or an hour's refreshing sleep. He and the three Duruma teachers did their best to collect the scattered people, and determined to make no change in any of the sites for at least another year.

In February, 1890, Mr. Carthew was cheered by the arrival of Rev. W. A. Todd, a young minister

appointed to labour with him in Jomvu. He gladly welcomed his young colleague, and the utmost harmony prevailed between them during his brief ministry in East Africa. Mr. Todd displayed great facility in the acquisition of the language, and preached in Swahili after he had been little more than five months in the country. He was very popular with the young people ; and after he returned to England many kind inquiries were made as to the welfare of "Bwana Toddi." Unfortunately his constitution was ill-adapted to the climate. His heart was set on Mission work in Africa, and it was a cruel disappointment to him when his health utterly failed. But there was no alternative. He returned to England ere the close of the year on which he arrived.

Important changes were contemplated about this time in relation to the East African Missions. It was determined to make a forward movement in connection with the Galla Mission on the Tana river. Rev. Thos. Wakefield, the pioneer and actual founder of Free Methodist Missions in East Africa, had to take the superintendence. Messrs. E. W. B. Edmunds and G. W. Wilson had to accompany him when he sailed. February, 1891, was fixed for the time of their departure. Mr. Wakefield's circuit released him from his engagement, and a valedictory service was held in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. But "the best laid schemes" sometimes go wrong, and all the "forward" arrangements were shattered by the condition of Mr. Wakefield's health. An eminent medical

man declared him unfit to endure exposure or over-fatigue, and said he must never go to a tropical climate. The two young men had to sail without him, and they sailed from London on 16th March, 1891. The inability of Mr. Wakefield to accompany them necessitated other changes. Mr. Edmunds was appointed to Golbanti, and Mr. Wilson to Jomvu. Mr. Howe met his new colleague at Lamu, and found him in good health and spirits. Mr. Carthew met Mr. Wilson at Mombasa, and in the *J. L. Thompson* mission boat they soon reached Jomvu, where the new arrival was greeted by hundreds of people.

It was hoped that each of these brethren would long labour in the fields to which they were appointed. A writer in a special missionary notice, speaking of Mr. Edmunds, said: "On both sides his ancestors are long-lived. Physical strength also characterised them. Tough must be he who branches out from such roots as these." Alas for human prognostications! For a time it seemed as if they might be realised. At length he had frequent attacks of fever, and was brought very low. Having gone to Ribe on 22nd May, 1893, he was taken so ill that, to obtain the best medical aid, he was conveyed by boat to Mombasa, where, a few days afterwards, he died. Mr. Wilson had an attack of fever after he had been a few weeks in Africa. He was very anxious to remain, and hoped that he might become acclimatised. He never did. He suffered frequently and

CREEK, FROM NATIVE JOMVU.

terribly from malarial fever, and after two years of suffering and toil he had to return home.

By the Assembly of 1891 Rev. G. W. Wilson was appointed to Jomvu, while Mr. Carthew was removed to Ribe. This change was in consequence of the moral failure of the native minister, who had been in charge of Ribe, and his consequent resignation. Before he left Jomvu Mr. Carthew was visited by two German missionaries. Their report has been translated. I give a portion of it.

"At six o'clock in the evening, shortly before sunset, we had reached the landing-place of the Methodist Mission Station, Jomvu.

"We got out of the boat, crossed the coral beach to the landing-steps and farther on, between two rows of negroes' huts, to the mission-house, which is only a few minutes' walk distant from the landing-place. Mr. Carthew had been ill. He received us in a very friendly manner, and ordered a good meal to be prepared by his black cook—he himself is a bachelor—and then placed his own bed at our disposal for the night. We accepted our English host's friendly offer to stay overnight with him, and spent the evening in stirring conversation, very instructive to me.

"Next morning, at six o'clock, Mr. Carthew came to ask us to take a walk through the village. The latter contains 200 souls, great and small, and is situated on a nearly horse-shoe shaped hill, which is, unfortunately, almost entirely surrounded by bogland,

which in flood-times is under water, and gives rise to fever germs. The Methodist Mission follows a principle similar to that adopted by Bro de Boer, in Java, of having mission colonies. The whole Christian village, Jomvu, is the property of the Mission. It was founded by Missionary Wakefield, in 1876.

"All the inhabitants of a station bind themselves to send their children to school, and to go themselves to church and to prayer-meetings. The village consists for the most part of very humble negro huts, in which it was noticeable the inhabitants had to work for their daily bread. The soil was not very productive. Nevertheless, there is a large number of cocoa palms, and all kinds of other plants and palms. The mission-house erected by Mr. Wakefield is a comparatively simple structure.

"The best reinforcements which the stations receive, consist of runaway slaves. These bring much trouble. If their masters seek them and ask for them, the missionary has to give them back. That is naturally very hard for him, and he tries to buy one off—that is when the Mission exchequer allows it.

"After our round through the station we returned back to the mission-house again, made a good meal, which the cook had prepared in the meantime, assisted in the morning prayers of the black servants —which were remarkably well conducted, and then we made ready to travel."

In a letter to Mr. Ibberson, dated 23rd April, 1891, Mr. Carthew mentions that he had received a parcel from him, and says: "When I first handled the parcel I looked at it, examined it outwardly, and began wondering what it contained. All at once I exclaimed, this is 'In Darkest England.' Now, sir, I had never seen the book, knew nothing about its size and bulk, but here it was even as I had exclaimed." Mr. Carthew thought there was something mysterious or strange about his intuition, but as in other cases the wonder grows less when we know all the facts. The book had made a sensation, other friends had written, "Have you seen General Booth's book?" "Has any one sent you 'In Darkest England'?" It was not very strange when a parcel, suggestive of a book, came from a very kind friend, that he should think it might be this one.

Sometime in 1892 the Missionary Secretary having thrown out a hint that economical expenditure was needful, Mr. Carthew replied that it was duly attended to. "I do not, knowingly, pay a single rupee without receiving value for it." Indeed, he went on to say, that if needful work had to be done, there must be increased expenditure on a large scale. The mission-house at Ribe, where he now resided, was like a soldiers' barracks, nay, worse, it was like a convicts' shelter. The mission-house at Jomvu was incomplete, and a new church was wanted there. A mission-house ought to be built at Ganjoni. He had opened a new station at Mlimani, on the way

from Ribe to Mombasa. There and at Tsunza they wanted to cover their churches with iron, and to erect tanks to receive water for the people. Settlement at these places was hindered by the fact that in the dry season there was no water nearer than an hour's journey. They had tried to sink wells, but had not found water fit for drinking purposes. I do not know whether Rev. George Turner, the Missionary Secretary, when he read the letter thought "Sorry I spoke," but he would see that retrenchment was at the time out of the question.

I have made no attempt to conceal my admiration of the character of Mr. Carthew, but I know that his blunt candour sometimes went beyond the bounds of courtesy, not to say respect. With all his excellences he sometimes exercised the forbearance of his friends. I will give an example. Mr. Turner, one of the kindest of men, informed Mr. Carthew that the Committee would be glad to receive a map showing the relation of our stations to each other; to the Church Missionary Society's stations, and to the new place or places he proposed to occupy. Mr. Carthew replied in this fashion: "Yes, very good, a want of this kind is a very simple one. Upon first reading your request, it struck me, the Committee might have sent me a yard-stick or measure or something of the sort to help one in the work. I had always thought the Committee had a very high opinion of my abilities, and it is very right they should have, but I hardly thought they could think me equal to

measuring without a measure, or of making a map without instruments. Surveying and mapping may be simple things to the Committee, I daresay most of them could do either or both without instruments, but all are not equally clever." The most of men would have seen that the Committee could not expect a map constructed with scientific accuracy, but simply a sketch-map giving a general idea of the situation of the stations in question. As it was, in the same letter he promised that with the help of Rev. R. M. Ormerod, a missionary who had recently arrived, he would furnish a map as desired, by the following month's mail. He might have done this, without so much persiflage. We have heard of one "whose failings leaned to virtue's side," it is commoner to meet with men whose characteristic graces are touched with defects.

In company with Rev. J. G. Wilson, who had not yet returned to England, Mr. Carthew visited six settlements in the Duruma Country, containing in all 144 huts. He thought it would be well to select a site for the erection of a large station if he could induce all these villagers to settle upon it. On 18th October, 1892, he paid them a second visit, and nearly all the elders in the district assembled to hear his proposals. After consulting among themselves for nearly an hour, they replied, "Master, peace unto you, we are glad you have come to see us. We give you a welcome to our country. We rejoice to see you. We want you to live amongst us. You, you,

you yourself. You can live where you like, select whatever place you like. Come and live with us. We want to know the Book. We want your protection." They would not, however, abandon their settlements. Their fathers had lived and died there. There they would live and die. Mr. Carthew was not able to accept their invitation. He saw no hope of supplying new stations, so the matter had to rest awhile.

Mr. Carthew called attention in his official letters to the great and self-denying services of Dr. Edwards, a medical missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who had treated our missionaries and members with as much attention as if they had been of his own Society. As he asked no remuneration, Mr. Carthew thought the Committee should acknowledge his kindness in a suitable way. This was done by a hearty vote of thanks, and the offer of a pecuniary gift. The latter Dr. Edwards most generously declined to accept.

In 1893, Mr. Howe had left Golbanti, having been permitted to return on furlough to England, and Mr. Ormerod took his place on the Tana river, where he has faithfully laboured ever since. Mr. Carthew was once more left alone. "The ways of God are truly mysterious," he wrote. "I have usually had great confidence in the Committee prayerfully selecting men for different spheres of Christian work, but in regard to East Africa we seem to have had the hand of God against us." He naturally desired that

only men should be sent who could endure the climate, but I apprehend that in such a case experience is the only certain test.

After the death of Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Carthew wrote a long and interesting letter to Mr. Turner, giving him an account of his sickness. At the close he says, "Dr. Macdonald thinks I have a splendid constitution, and that nothing will kill me; but I can assure you a prolonged experience such as that of the past fortnight has been, would go a long way towards this end." In any case he was determined to work while it was day. "I do not think," he wrote to the same correspondent, "that you will require any assurance on my part that I shall do my best for the interest of the Mission while I am alone. I have always done my utmost, and shall continue to do my best. I sometimes think my lot is hard, but as often feel ashamed of myself for so thinking—no lot is really hard when shared with the Master and for His sake. I will try to follow our Lord and Master with slow but steady step, and, be the journey long or short, to hear Him say Well done, will at the end be a heaven of delight."

CHAPTER IX.

At the End of the Days.

"But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."—Daniel xii. 13.

"Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er:
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers, to shut the door."

Longfellow.

IN 1893, the Missionary Secretary urgently requested Mr. Carthew to return to England on furlough. He was grateful for the offer, but did not accept it. "I am much obliged to you," he wrote, "for your kind consideration of my health and appreciation of my stay in Africa. I am sorry, however, that I cannot see my way clear at present to accept any invitation to come to England. . . . I should like to be allowed to complete a ten years' stay in the country, and so break the record. My term of service has been full of toil and trouble. I have had famine, Masai-raiding, slavery, sickness of colleagues, &c., &c., beyond measure. My general health is excellent, as good as in England. Allow

me to complete a ten years' term." In this letter he mentions a number of things which he wished to do ere he thought of returning to England.

Towards the close of the year, Rev. W. G. Howe returned to East Africa. Having married while in England, he was accompanied by his wife. He was appointed to Jomvu. Mr. Carthew wrote home that his presence was a great relief to him, and hoped that his services might be long given to the Mission.

A communication from Mr. Carthew, dated 23rd October, 1893, a week before Mr. Howe's arrival, gives an interesting account of the baptism of a number of inquirers. He says, "for nearly twelve months I have been calling our people's attention to the subject of baptism, and my visit to Jomvu a month ago was to gather up, in this respect, the fruits of my six years' labour here amongst the people. I am a slow believer in quick returns in mission work, and this is one reason why I have not before had the pleasure of reporting to you on cases of Christian baptism. I frequently find other missionaries making much of what they have done in this way after a very short term of service. I prefer to wait in patience and hope and faith amid non-success, until I see the grace of God in the hearts and lives of the people. While resident at Jomvu, I did my utmost to lead the people to God, and on the 4th instant I had the crown of my rejoicing in baptising 122 souls—84 adults and 38 children. He then describes the method adopted in preparing the

candidates, and, speaking of the solemn occasion when the rite was administered, says: "Upon coming up for baptism, each one repeated the Apostles' Creed, then, reverently kneeling, I baptised them, after which they repeated the Lord's Prayer, then returned to their seats. We had about six sets after this order, the whole service lasting nearly three hours. I cannot remember the time when I was the subject of such soul elevation and spiritual delight." While this was being done at Jomvu, 250 candidates were under daily instruction in Ribe preparatory to baptism, and a few weeks later he wrote saying that he would baptise that day 300 persons. His joy in seeing these fruits of his labour was marred by his disputes with the agents of the I.B.E.A. in reference to the slave cases already described. The discontent and alarm resulting from these cases operated injuriously. Fifty people removed from Ganjoni, largely to evade the pursuit of man-stealers. Despite these occasions of mortification and sadness, he had seasons of great religious refreshment and joy. His spiritual exultation appears in a letter of a subsequent date. "Last Sunday week," he wrote, "we had one of the most remarkable services it has ever been my lot to witness. It was announced that I intended specially to address the newly-baptised. The chapel was crowded an hour before the service. It was raining a river, and not less than fifty people stood outside drenched to the skin. The Lord was with us, and the praying and singing and reading and preaching

all seemed to be Divinely inspired. The whole day was full of the glory of God."

The elders of the heathen village made a grievance of so many of their young people leaving them, and in an interview with Mr. Carthew, they proposed a measure which would have hindered the spread of the Gospel. Mr. Carthew would not hear of it. He told them he had come "to give the Book to their children, not to make an arrangement whereby they would be prevented from knowing his mission and message." He told them, too, that his message was to them, as well as to their children. They parted in peace, but Mr. Carthew marvelled that though they had had the Gospel at their doors for many years, they still hardened their hearts against it.

Rumours had reached Mr. Carthew that at home it was thought that the missionaries had confined their labours within a limited area, and kept too much upon the coast. He referred to this in his correspondence during 1894. He showed that undermanned as they were, extension was impossible, and that actually they could not enter doors that were open. He wished that the Committee would take steps by which the actual work, position, and prospects of the Mission could be authoritatively placed before the Connexion. He offered to pay £100 towards the expenses of a deputation if one were sent out.

He also asked for a grant of £1000 for the reconstruction of chapel and mission-house at Ribe,

CHAPEL AT RIBE.

arguing that it was the largest of their stations in area and population; that the soil around it was the best watered and most fertile, and that yet it was the most needy, as there was not Church accommodation for one half of the population, nor even for the whole of their own baptised members. The stone could be used in the new buildings, but the wood work had all been destroyed by white ants. The Secretary had said £1000 *was a big order*, and he characteristically replied: "It is well it should be so. No commercial house of any consequence ever sincerely thanks its customers for small and puny orders. They want big ones and profit. And no commercial house since Adam commenced business, ever had such a prospect of profits commercially, as we have at Ribe spiritually." The Committee saw the necessity of action, and made a grant of £900 towards the cost of erection; Mr. Carthew himself offering to subscribe £150. Materials were sent out, but, for reasons that may partly appear, the building project was not carried out.

Mr. Carthew was greatly cheered with proofs that the Divine Spirit was at work amongst his people. At the close of a service, which had been concluded with the hymn, "When peace like a river," &c., a woman came to him saying that while the hymn was sung she trembled from head to foot. "Am I a bad woman?" she asked. "I did not see any one tremble like me." The following Sunday three of the principal men of the village came to thank him for

the words he had spoken in church. The whole congregation had been surprised at the feeling which prevailed ; many said they had heard two voices, and some that they only heard a voice within them, the preacher's voice was not heard at all. These are the confessions, which humble, yet uplift the true messenger of the Cross, either at home or abroad.

Famine is almost chronic in East Africa. In 1894 the people were again in great distress through the lateness of the rains, and the devastation made by myriads of locusts. It taxed the ingenuity and resources of Mr. Carthew to find them food. They were only planting when they should have been reaping, some of them having sown seed three or four times in vain. This painful experience had, alas, become quite familiar to poor Mr. Carthew. After a while the reception of news from home that the Committee had granted his application for a building grant, threw him into a delirium of joy. "I have been living in a whirl of excitement," he wrote, "laughing by day and dreaming at night." Mr. Howe and he had prepared plans and specifications, without calling in the services of an architect, which they had been authorised to do. "The Committee," he wrote, "have a very mistaken conception of the real worth and grit of their East African missionaries. Sir, we first laugh at difficulties, then we sober down and reflect upon them, and in the third place muster to and surmount them."

On 7th January, 1895, he wrote from Mombasa to

his friend Mr. Ibberson, saying that he and Mr. Howe had come down to meet Rev. J. B. Griffiths, a missionary appointed to labour in East Africa; that he had arrived on the 6th, and that they had enjoyed the pleasure of meeting him and bringing him ashore. As Mr. Griffiths was appointed to Golbanti, they resolved to accompany him to Lamu. Mr. Griffiths laboured there for some time, but having occasion to visit Ribe, Mr. Carthew induced him to remain with him, and sent him to Ganjoni, where a European missionary had long been wanted.

Some time before this the Missionary Committee had prepared a series of regulations on the employment of lay missionaries. It was thought that Christian men could be obtained, who might be useful in East Africa, both in spiritual and industrial work, and who would not seek for admission into the ranks of the ministry. Offers were invited, but the only brother sent out was Mr. W. E. Riddiough, whose knowledge of building operations, it was hoped, would be of great service at Ribe in the erection of the new mission-house and chapel. Unfortunately he proved quite unable to bear the climate, and after a few months' residence, he was obliged to return home.

In 1895, Mr. Carthew reported that he had at Ribe, between seventy and eighty people under instruction with a view to baptism. He acknowledged they were immature, but thought John Wesley would have admitted them. They had "a desire to flee from the wrath to come."

It was about this time he had a conversation with a number of natives who sought baptism at his hands. He reports it thus: "Are you going to give up lying and stealing and drunkenness?"

"Master, we don't want to lie, we know it is bad to do so, but it is our custom. We lie daily. We have no confidence in one another, and so we deceive each other. And as regards stealing, it is the same with us. We don't want to steal, but, master, don't you see the locusts all around us? What are we to do? If we feel hungry we won't help one another, and there is no escape from stealing. In regard to drunkenness, we shall get drunk. Who amongst us can refuse a glass? Very often it is our only food. Many things occur in our homes. Sometimes our wives are ill and cannot cook, sometimes we have food, sometimes we have not, and if we can only get a glass or two we do not feel hungry. We know these things are bad, but we cannot prevent ourselves from doing them, we have not strength. We want God to help us, and we feel that if we are baptised we shall have more help to govern ourselves, and not to do bad. Master, these are our words. Don't refuse to baptise us."

As far as this conversation goes, it would seem as if these inquirers were attributing an efficacy to baptism, which is really in the grace of God. Mr. Carthew, however, judged favourably of them, and he was in the best position to estimate rightly their spiritual state.

The illness of Mr. Riddiough had prevented, with other hindrances, progress being made with the new chapel. During his residence, however, he had commenced the erection of dormitories, which he was not able to complete. After his departure Mr. Carthew had to finish them. This of course retarded the commencement of the larger building scheme. These "dormitories" were intended for the accommodation of a number of children whom Mr. Carthew had taken under his protecting care. Though he gave his institution no name, it was at once an orphanage, a reformatory, and a rescue or preventive home. Most of the children had lost either father or mother, nearly all were slave-children, and consequently slaves. Some of the children had behaved so ill that heads of houses did not choose to harbour them, so the great heart of Carthew took them in and gave them another chance. The case of some of the girls was a hapless one. They had run away from bondage, but when put into the homes of some of their own race they had to work harder than they did in slavery; and if offered an easier lot it was at the price of their virtue. With such heterogeneous elements one would hardly think these dormitories would be abodes of peace and love, but testimony seems to say that these attributes were by no means absent. Their generous benefactor was enthusiastically loved, and well he might be. For their sakes he denied himself common comforts, and for a long time supported them out of his own means. It was only

when he asked for partial help that he gave all these details. When he gave particulars to Rev. H. T. Chapman, the newly appointed Missionary Secretary, he had in his dormitories thirteen boys and twelve girls.

In one of his earliest communications to Mr. Chapman he mentions a matter which harassed and troubled him many months during the short remnant of his life.

This was a local war arising from the efforts of a man named Mbaruku to establish his right of succession to the governorship of Tukaunga, the next port to Mombasa going north. It was about the time of his rebellion that the I.B.E.A. surrendered its charter, and the Sultanate of Zanzibar became a British protectorate.

The letters of Mr. Carthew, written from the commencement of Mbaruku's rebellion to his submission, are painful reading. The people of our mission station lived in the midst of alarms. Sounds of firing, the constant presence of soldiers, rumours of threatened attacks kept them in constant agitation. Their fears were not groundless. Rabai, a station of the C.M.S. was assailed, and five members of the Mission killed. Ganjoni, one of our own stations, was attacked, and sixty-one houses were burned to the ground. The people fled to the bush for safety; they escaped with their lives, but many of them lost their all. Fighting took place near Tsunza, another of our stations, and all the people fled. To add to the

wretchedness of the situation, the native teacher at Tsunza died, four days after the fighting, and Mr. Carthew found it quite impossible to appoint another in his place. At Ribe, soldiers were on guard day and night. It was not likely that the building of the material or spiritual church should make much progress under such untoward circumstances. Mr. Carthew's condition was pitiable. The constant excitement, the sense of responsibility, want of sleep, and all the disagreeables of the situation told injuriously upon him. "I am almost mad," he wrote. We need not give its utmost latitude to the word. People, said Carlyle, are not always being killed when they cry murder. Yet he was in a sad state. In sleep he was fighting imaginary enemies, and he woke in a state of utter prostration, which continued for hours. When in the course of a month eight of his mission people died, and all his cattle perished (sixteen in number), "while wars and tumults' waves ran high," he could not but think, "waters of a full cup are wrung out to me." At length Mbaruku, pressed on all sides by Government troops, sought, in April, 1896, an asylum in German territory. The terms proposed to him virtually ended the rebellion, and our brethren were able to resume their work and breathe in peace.

During the war Mr. Carthew was gratified by a visit from the Consul-General, who had a long talk with him as to our Mission affairs. He was satisfied with Mr. Carthew's account of our acquisition of our

mission station sites, and intimated his belief that our title would not be questioned.

The Committee had again urged Mr. Carthew to come home on furlough, and on 26th March, 1896, he writes: "They will not hold in doubtful estimation my appreciation of their goodwill towards me, if I ask to continue in my work until my programme is completed." In justification of his determination to remain, he says, "Let me give you medical opinion; Dr. Macdonald—'Strongest man I have seen in Africa;' Dr. Hindi—'Sound as a bell.' What more do you want?" Little did he or the home authorities imagine that in a few short months his splendid physique would sink in ruinous decay. Yet we must admire his unflinching courage and perseverance. He did not see how he could leave his work, and when he told the Ribe teachers and elders of the Committee's wish, they sent deputations who fell down at his feet and entreated him never to leave them.

Mr. Carthew's later letters refer to a variety of topics. He speaks of the success of Mr. Griffiths at Ganjoni, and the indispensable character of his appointment there; of the gift of £50 which the Committee had made to relieve the distress at Ganjoni, and how the money was being expended; and of two stations in the Duruma country which it was desirable to occupy. He speaks also of ordering the Zanzibar soldiers away from the station, as they were playing havoc with its morals, and breaking up homes where formerly peace and love dwelt constantly;

and of the evil that was being wrought by the nearness of the railway works. Even Europeans took advantage of the situation, and many girls trained in their schools had been led astray. He specially dwells on the extension of the Mission northward, and what he had done to plant the Gospel standard at Jibana, Kambe, and Chonyi, places of which the estimated population was from 15,000 to 20,000. Famine was again prevailing, and he had much to say as to food supplies.

His last letter to the Missionary Secretary was dated 3rd November, 1896, and describes a Sunday which he spent at Ganjoni, where he preached two sermons and baptised six youths. He was delighted with the evidence they gave of their acceptance of the Saviour. At early morning prayer on Monday 105 persons were present. The next Sunday was spent at Jibana, Mr. Griffiths having accompanied him there. No fewer than 206 were present on the Sunday morning. He pleaded in his letter for the appointment of a resident European missionary. In a postscript written three days later, he says his letter will be sent to Mombasa on the morrow, and adds, "I pity the poor fellow who has to take it. I am told that for miles he will be in water above knee-deep. I have never known in my African experience to have such a quantity of rain in so many days."

On Monday, 30th November, 1896, the Missionary Secretary received a telegram from Mombasa with this message—"Carthew died suddenly Friday morning." It was only on the previous Saturday that Mr. Chap-

man had received the long letter from which I have quoted, and which was "full of cheerfulness, courage, and devotion to his great work." The news was overwhelming. Much as Mr. Chapman and others had urged the return of Mr. Carthew on the ground of health, no one had the slightest idea that the necessity for this course would soon be made apparent in so distressing a way. Three days before his death Mr. Carthew had written to Dr. Edwards, of the Church Missionary Society, saying that a fortnight previously he had bruised his shinbone, that at first he took no notice of it, but that it had swollen and inflamed, and that he would be glad to see him. Dr. Edwards went, and in a letter to the Missionary Secretary he says: "I found Mr. Carthew in great suffering from a generally swollen and inflamed leg, with enlarged and painful glands in the groin, and much fever. He was very bright and cheerful considering his condition, and talked on general subjects. . . . On the Thursday I went and found him not so well; weaker and high fever; leg about the same. The following day I was called about 5 A.M., but on the way met another messenger with the sad news of Mr. Carthew's death."

Neither of his colleagues was with him at his death. Such an event was not at all apprehended by any one, and neither Mr. Howe nor Mr. Griffiths had the slightest idea that Mr. Carthew was in danger. The terrible rains of which he himself had written made the roads all but impassable. From what he heard

from Dr. Edwards on the Wednesday, Mr. Howe made up his mind to pay him a friendly visit on the Friday, but as in the morning the roads seemed hopeless, he thought of deferring his visit till the afternoon. At half-past nine A.M., the sad intelligence was brought him, and through mud and roaring torrent he forced his way to Ribe. Mr. Griffiths, hearing of his indisposition, attempted the journey on Thursday, but, weak from recent illness, he had to return. He set out again on Friday morning, and learned the terrible tidings on his way. "Weighed down by sorrow and weakness, the burning sun above, and often wading through water up to my hips, oh I shall never forget the journey."

Mr. Carthew died at 5 A.M. On the previous night he bade a female member of the Mission "Good-bye," to her astonishment. He cried out in strong pain during the night, but none of the poor people felt warranted to intrude upon him. "Ready, Lord!" he was also heard to say, and, ere day broke on East Africa, the celestial day to him had broken and all earth's shadows flown for ever away. He was interred the same day. He rests by the side of some whom he never knew in the flesh, but with whom he was kindred in spirit, and awaits with them the resurrection morning:—

"Soul and body re-united,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide;
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied."

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